

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWS: GERRY COONEY & STEVIE NICKS

HIGH TIMES

MARCH 1982

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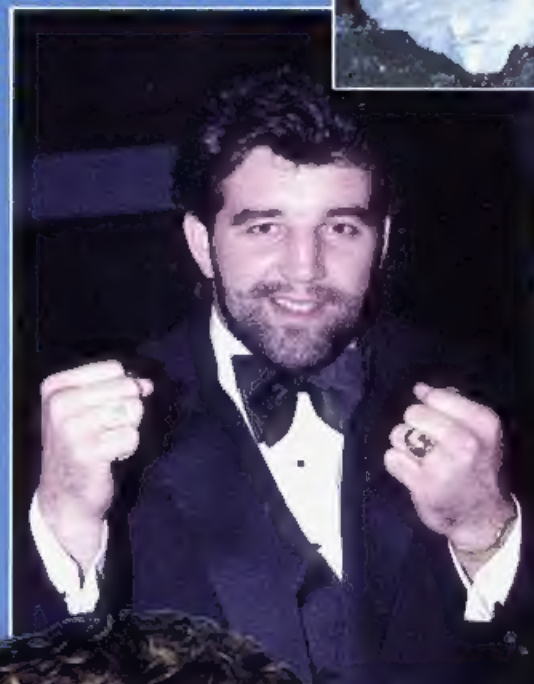
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**STEVIE
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INTERVIEW WITHOUT
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HIGH TIMES

No. 79 March '82

FEATURES

Interview: Stevie Nicks by Liz Derringer

The run from Innocence to Experience is a trip that any would-be *mensch* has got to take. Most of us make it by working a job we don't like and growing old with someone we don't love. Stevie Nicks is luckier. All she needs is to put on her six-inch heels, record a solo album—and *voilà*, she's a rock 'n' roll grown-up.

7 Marijuana Medical Myths by Dean Latimer

Gleefully wading into a cesspool of lies and half-truths, our sordid affairs editor drains off seven of the government's most pernicious myths about smoking pot. Now you'll know just exactly what to say the next time some smartass drug-abuse counselor asks you your bra size.

Mick 'n' Miles by Al Aronowitz

The only thing harder than getting a personal invite up to Miles Davis's place is getting Mick Jagger to tag along. It's a thankless job, but thank God Aronowitz had the moxie to try it.

Centerfold: The High Times Formula

Formula racing, that is. But whether or not your two-tones have ever been pressed to the floorboard, we can promise you a substantial rush from this month's big pix.

Cooney Below the Belt by Jose Torres and Legs McNeil

A gloves-off conversation with the reluctant "Great White Hope" that hits on Larry Holmes, Don King and the awesome inconvenience of not being allowed to engage in the sex act for up to five and one-half weeks before a fight.

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Pot-Smoking Genius Beaten and Framed... DEA Presses for Profits
... State Dept's "Homegrown Narc" Puts Bolivia on Parole... Coffee Scare
Shafts International Sales... Bogus Dope Sparks Bogus Dope Scare... No
Room at the Trough for Mental-Health Workers... Penicillin Cited As
Number One Drug of Abuse

Trans-High Market Quotations

DEPARTMENTS

Flashes	Introducing Mr. Coca	7
Getting Off	Alone with the grand jury	14
Connoisseur	Rough 'n' ready 'n' Colombian	17
Cocaine Confidential	Selling your ass to feed your nose	64
Pleasures	Low riders, video rock, more	70
Seeds 'n' Stems	White House slaughterhouse, Shockman's amok, Dope Lore	79
High Times Classified		88
Grow American	Making a marijuana movie	92
Sounds	Home on the strange with the Space Cowboy	96
Last Words	Phreaking out	106



Cover photos by (clockwise from top left): Jack Abraham; Lisa Dubois/Topix; And/Or Press; Richard Corkery/Topix; Herbert Worthington



45 Grow Himalayan by "Bob" Bohumil Krčil
For an exotic spread such as this, it would be possible for us to slap a set of diapers on a couple of winos, stuff chillums in their mouths and photograph them as Sherpa warriors or something like that. Possible, and probably a lot cheaper, too.



60 Century of Hope by Drew and Josh Friedman
It's Bob Hope's "100th Birthday Party Bonanza," with loads of laughs and surprise guests. You'll shoot your lunch as you see Bob and special guest Divine reenact the famous dogshit-eating scene from *Pink Flamingos*. Sound like fun? You bet.

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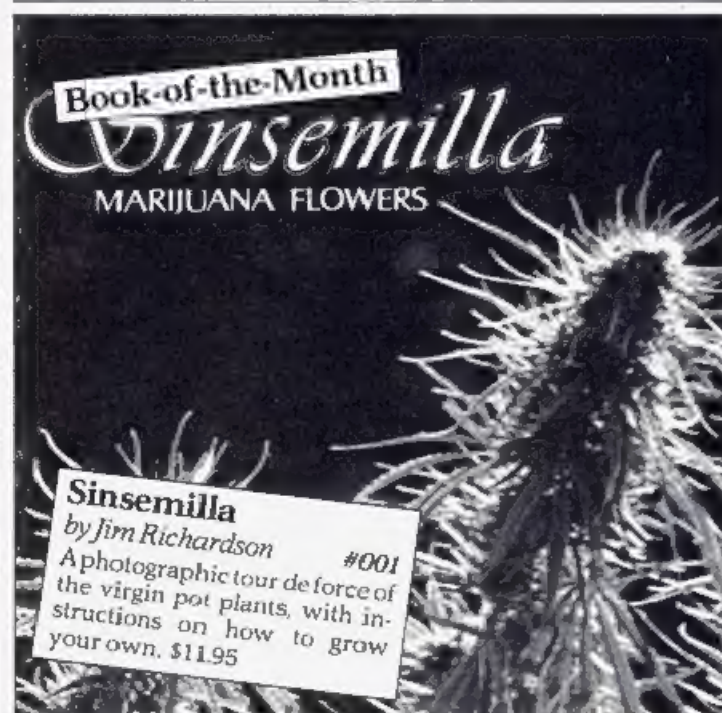
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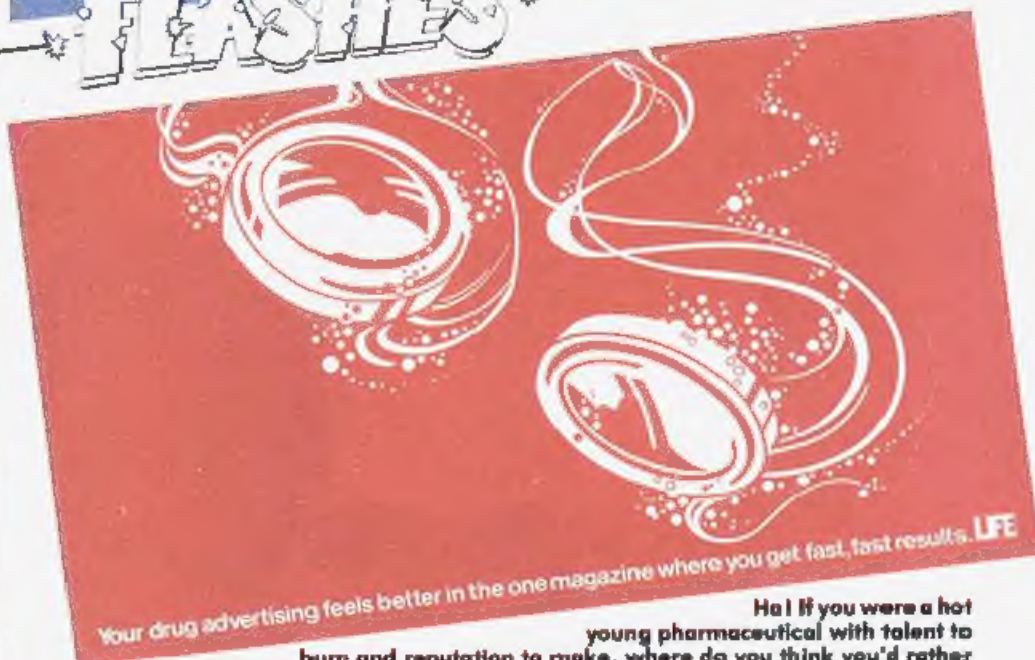
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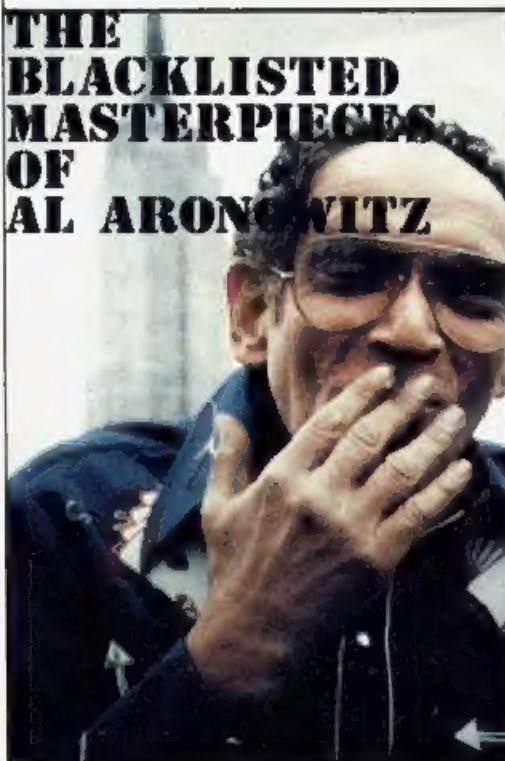
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THE BLACKLISTED MASTERPIECES OF AL ARONOWITZ



Nothing builds karma points for a magazine like the publishing of a blacklisted writer. Sure, your comps to concerts and movies may disappear, the invitations to exciting parties will stop and all the other magazines will begin treating you like a leper with a hairlip; but when you weigh all that against everyone on staff, from the publisher on down, being guaranteed at least gerbil or hamster status in the next life... But anyway, that's not why we printed "Mick 'n' Miles," by Al Aronowitz this month, or why we're telling you now about his new book, *The Blacklisted Masterpieces of Al Aronowitz* (from

which, by the way, "Mick 'n' Miles" was excerpted). The fact is that for the last 25 years Aronowitz has been one of the most important journalists to pound the countercultural beat. In the '50s he explained Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac to America; in the '60s it was Bob Dylan and the Beatles; and the 70s found him making sense of David Bowie and Richard Nixon.

Masterpieces is an important collection of Aronowitz outtakes on popular culture ranging from interviews with Neal Cassady and Jerry Garcia to epistolary show-downs with Bill Buckley and Pete Hamill—a gargantuan heap of observations and confessions that are alternately moving and ridiculous, seamy and profound.

Aronowitz is publishing *Masterpieces* by himself, in a photocopied limited edition, each volume signed and numbered by the author. The book sells for \$100. If you wish to order a copy, send a check or money order for \$100 to Al Aronowitz, P.O. Box 306, Bearsville, NY 12409-0306



SPIRITUS KINKY

Editor:

As you know, a dentist sometimes has trouble relaxing his patients once they enter into the domain of needles, whining drills and dental-office smells. Some of my colleagues have tried nitrous oxide, Valium, Demerol and hypnosis with varying success rates. Here at the American Embassy dental clinic in Katmandu, Nepal, I have found the answer. Once the patient lies down in the chair and places his or her head in my confidence, I put on the earphones and reverberate their nervous brain with the kinkiest tunes of Kinky Friedman (see "My Scrotum Flew Tourist," September '81). The more nervous the patient, the kinkier the selection. How can someone think of their teeth when words like, "put your biscuits in the oven and your buns in the bed" or "old man Lucas, had a lot of mucus" or "oh waitress, oh waitress come sit on my face" are running through their ears?

I want to thank Kinky Friedman for the enjoyment he has given both my patients and me. Kinky was once a Peace Corps volunteer in Borneo, helping the people and breeding his "kinkiness." Nepal is a mountain kingdom filled with the magic of gods, goddesses and spirits. Kinky, rest assured, your spirit lives on in the Himalayas.

—Brian Hollander
Katmandu, Nepal

EYE BALL THE STARS with FENTON BENDIX



London muck sheets are ablaze with the news that ex-megamodel Twiggy was married to illustrious poet Ezra Pound for a time in the late 1960s. Twiggy says she withheld the truth until now because she feared the name Twiggy Pound might have crimped her popularity with the '60s in-crowd...The U.S. Postal Service, in a bold move, has announced plans to issue a stamp honoring U.S. prostitution. It will still cost 20 cents but if you want to lick it, it's a quarter...

After nixing the idea of being Reynolds-wrapped a couple of years back, superstar Sally Fields says she's now ready for the preacher man. The Oscar winner plans to wed ex-bit-player Thal Hardon, best known for being completely forgettable (Ouch! I can be a brute), early this spring. In a cuttle-pie twist, bride and groom will exchange last names, he becoming Thal Field, while she'll be known as Sally Hardon.

Little Known Celebrity Fax—Truman Capote was a strapping bronze god of a man until the summer of 1953, when he was swallowed by a great blue whale off the coast of Long Island. Tru spent eight days in the mammoth mammal stomach before being upchucked, and his semidigested appearance was an immediate hit with the chic Southampton crowd...

R A S T A M O L O G Y

Editor:

Thanks and praises to Laurence Cherniak for December '81's ganja coverage, especially for Brother Big Spliff in the centerfold, an image that practically defines the Jamaican way of marijuana.

Two notes, however, on the text. Mr. Cherniak, following several other authors, mentions *kali* as a term Jamaicans use for their top-grade smoke: from the Hindu deity of that name. This may indeed be the origin of the word, and it may once have referred to a superior product. Recently, though, the word has come to be used as a synonym for "commercial," signifying a leafy, seeded weed. It may also have a less exotic origin.

In Jamaica the word is often spelled *colley*, *colly* or *collie*, and it might derive at least partly from the archaic English *colley* (last quoted in the mid 17th century by the OED), meaning stuck together, gluey or oily. Since Jamaicans are fond of referring to cannabis by its resinous essence, as *l-ley* or "oily," and since linguists have shown Jamaican patois to preserve many words from 17th-century English, this derivation may be correct. Also found in patois are numerous English terms blended with words of similar sound and complementary meaning from African and other languages, so the word could come from both the English and the Hindi sources. In fact, the connection between *Kali* and *ganja* is rather vague. *Kali*, one of the many personalities of the goddess Parvati, consort of Shiva, is commonly associated with pestilence, war and destruction, which would seem a grim reflection on the holy herb.

Sensi or *sensimilla* is the word for *sinsemilla* in Jamaica, and lamb's bread is a true delicacy, but ganja-hungry tourists should be warned that the Jamaican who calls his primo stash *colley weed* is the one who wants to sell you commercial for a primo price.

—Vaun S. Raymond
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

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FLASHES

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Editor:

I'm a pilot and I run a small aviation company. I'm also broke: two months behind on my alimony payments (I know she's sleeping with another dude, but I can't prove it), into Uncle Sam for twelve grand in back taxes (my accountant screwed up bad in '78), and what with the state of the economy, not too many people have been bringing their airplanes in to be painted and upholstered. Depressed and disgusted, I'm sitting in the office one afternoon wondering where my next set of spark plugs is going to come from, when a friend drops by and shows me an old article from a flying publication that says there's big money to be made in Arizona because that's where all the stuff from Mexico is being dumped. So I get into my plane and fly to Tucson and start barhopping, looking for people who might need aviation expertise. I should mention right here that I'm probably one of the straightest-looking and -acting guys in the world. To me, coffee is a drug, and I don't even smoke the regular kind. Anyway, so I'm in Tucson going from strip joint to strip joint—I don't even know what I'm looking for—trying to make a connection. Finally, a chick approaches me in one place and asks if I'd like to score some Mexican brown. I've never heard of Mexican brown before, and quite frankly it sounds more like something you'd have caked along the inside of your Levi's after a long weekend in Tijuana than a species of pot, but I figure I better give it a shot, so I ask her how much, and she asks me how much I want. Now I haven't the slightest idea of how this stuff comes, whether you buy it by the pound, gross or yard, so I tell her I really don't want to buy, I want to haul with my airplane. She looks at me real strange and asks if I know what I'm getting into. My knees start in to shake, but I buck up and say, I don't know what I'm getting into, but I'm willing to take the risk if the pay is right. Then I ask her what the next step will be. She says she has to talk to her boyfriend about me and that I have to be "checked out." I give her the number of my answering service and I leave. Three months go by and I still haven't heard anything.

Meanwhile, things have gone from bad to worse. My airplane engine needs an overhaul—five thousand bucks, not a penny of which I have. So I borrow \$1,500 from my sister-in-law and fly commercial to Miami, because someone told me that Arizona is not happening anymore and that these days it's all going through Florida from Colombia. Again I'm spending my days and nights barhopping, going around to massage parlors, looking for plump-drug dealer types (which is a story for a whole

other letter) with absolutely no results, except that a guy tells me that now Florida's out and the Bahamas is where it's at. So I catch a flight to Nassau and check things out, but again, nothing.

Please, can you give me some help. I'm seriously considering taking out an ad in the *Wall Street Journal*.

—Frustrated Pilot
Address withheld

Okay, we'll help you out, but you must promise not to breathe a word of what we're about to tell you to any living soul because this is all top secret information. First of all, forget Arizona, Florida and the Bahamas and think Guam. Guam and only Guam is where all the big-time marijuana smugglers are operating from these days. And making connections in Guam is so easy it's incredible. All you have to do is show up early in the morning (anywhere from 4:45 to 5 A.M. is fine) on the south side of the island and present your pilot's license and official "Sky King" Aces Away certificate to the big Guamese who's in charge. Oh, that's right, I forgot. In order to smuggle big-time marijuana out of Guam you're going to need what they call a "Sky King" Aces Away certificate. This is an important piece of documentation no first-class, big-time smuggler should be without. But in order to get your Aces Away certificate you're going to have to go to Paris, France (they used to issue them in Guam but they stopped), and meet a guy named Monsieur "Lou" under the Eiffel Tower at midnight. Now Monsieur "Lou" won't be able to issue you your Aces Away certificate until you give him \$35 American and until he hears you say the secret code word. To get the code just set your Spymaster decoder ring at "Paris, France," and voila, you'll get the code, and then Monsieur "Lou" will hand you a brand new "Sky King" Aces Away certificate. Oh, yeah, the Spymaster decoder ring. Well, now this creates a bit of a problem because though they used to issue these under the Eiffel Tower at midnight, along with the certificates, for the past six years the Fiji Islands are about the only place you can pick up one of these babies. So what we would recommend is first, since the Fijis are closer to Guam than Paris, France, and since you can't get an Aces Away certificate without giving Monsieur "Lou" the code, first go to the Fijis and get your Spymaster, then go to Paris, France, and pick up your Aces Away. Then as long as your membership in the International Brotherhood of the Whooping Cranes has not been canceled, you'll be all set to go to Guam and start smuggling big-time marijuana.—Ed.

Lift your right arm, she said.
I lifted my right arm.
Lift your left arm, she said.
I lifted my left arm. Both of my arms were up.
Put down your right arm, she said.
I put it down.
Put down your left arm, she said.
I did.
Lift your right arm, she said.
I obeyed.
Put down your right arm.
I did.
Lift your left arm.
I lifted it.
Put down your left arm.
I did.

Silence. I stood there, both arms down, waiting for her next command. After a while I got impatient and said, what next.

Now, it's your turn to give the orders, she said.

All right, I said. Tell me to lift my right arm.



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Ned Janney

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A BUD IN THE HAND

Editor:

I think it's great, your encouraging people to buy and grow American. I myself took your advice and produced a load of incredible smoke in one of the most unlikely of places—New Jersey. I grew my weed not in the shadow of the refineries of Hoboken, but in the south where there is still some wilderness to be found. As it was my first attempt at growing, I made some mistakes—not planting early enough being my biggest boner, but the average of an ounce and a half of prime buds per plant left us with smoke aplenty for the long winter months. What you're seeing in the picture, by the way, is a choice bud grown from a cross of West Virginian Indica and sativa. Proof positive that there's more growing in the Garden State than tomatoes.

—R.J.
South Jersey



FLAKY'S FOLLY

Editor:

Here is a sample of the fine sinsemilla that was propagated by myself this past year. Thought I should share my good fortune with the readers.

—Flaky F.
Middlesex County, Mass.

"Propagated by myself"—no wonder they call you Flaky.—Ed.

URINALYSIS CLARIFICATION

III

Editor:

I desperately need your cooperation in research I am doing to try to substantiate my innocence. I have been accused of smoking marijuana as a result of alleged THC content in my urine. The authorities here arbitrarily removed me from the work-release program.

I was wondering if it would be possible, if one were not involved in smoking marijuana, but were in the immediate area, to be positive in the test? I would appreciate any information you can give me to help me understand the chemicals used in the test and how many nanograms per milliliter of urine would constitute a positive reading. Your assistance in this matter will do much to affect my future.

—Inmate

Dauphin County Prison
Harrisburg, Pa.

You got snagged by the EMIT-ST Cannabinoid Assay. Previous items in this column (June '81 and July '81) have described the test, which shows positive results up to a week after smoking. The test was developed by the National Institute on Drug Abuse with the Syva Corporation in Palo Alto, California, its current merchandiser. The EMIT-ST is useful in some situations; for example, it can tell parole authorities, roughly, what percentage of the work-release population has access to marijuana. Unfortunately, one of the things it can't do is determine whether or not a particular individual has smoked grass. As stated in the literature accompanying every EMIT-ST kit, the pot test is only about 95 percent accurate, at best, and Syva Corporation suggests confirmation of positive results with another assay, such as a mass spectrometry.

Your precious bodily fluid was collected by the prison and then sent to an outside laboratory for testing—apparently by MDS Laboratories in Reading, Pennsylvania. Standard procedure at MDS is to run the Syva test without confirming it through mass spectrometry. This arrangement is typical in county and state facilities. Since a mass spec costs about \$125, most prisons just don't bother ordering them. Then if the test is challenged, the prison blames the lab and the lab blames Syva. Your first step is to get a lawyer to challenge the test results. But there's more.

Evidence to support your contention that your positive test results came from passive, bystander contamination comes from an unimpeachable source: foremost antidope propagandist Gabriel Nahas, M.D., Ph.D. In January 1977 the American Journal of Psychiatry published a report, coauthored by Dr. Nahas, called "Marijuana Intoxification by Passive Inhalation: Documentation by Detection of Urinary Metabolites." Dr. Nahas reported that in a hospital study of marijuana smokers, the control subject was housed in a ward with other subjects. Although the control subject was given only placebo cigarettes, his urine tests showed concentrations of cannabinoids as high as 260 nanograms per milliliter. A tiny quantity, until you consider that the Syva EMIT-ST registers positive results for as few as 25 nanograms per milliliter. Tell that to your lawyer.—Ed. ☐

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Behind Closed Doors

by Michael Stepanian

GRAND JURIES are bad news. They're a trick of the prosecution, a way for them to get a lot of information and indictments without having to tell or show anybody anything. The normal rules regarding search and seizure and informants do not work. A grand jury is a nasty and dangerous thing.

Originally, of course, the grand jury was supposed to be a good thing. Theoretically, it was to secure the rights of an innocent person against a hasty and ax-grinding prosecution, it also was to serve the invaluable function of standing between the accuser and the accused. The power of the grand jury was not supposed to derive from the court (which in reality it does) nor was it supposed to operate as an arm of the prosecution (which, again, in reality it does). It was supposed to be both independent and fair. It is neither. There are two types of grand juries: a civil grand jury, which investigates things like the increases of tolls on bridges and the like, and a criminal grand jury, which we'll now discuss.

The life of a grand jury usually runs about 18 months. Its size may vary anywhere from 16 to 23 members. Grand juries are convened when prosecutors and law enforcement officials feel they've gathered enough "evidence" on someone to gain an indictment. This "evidence" more often than not consists mainly of hearsay, innuendoes, assorted lies and fabrications. If the grand jury buys the prosecutor's story, they bring forth a "true bill," which is signed by the foreperson. The prosecutor then suggests a routinely high bail for the defendant and a warrant is issued.

Essentially, grand juries work by applying heavy-



Tom Wright

A grand jury is a nasty and dangerous thing.

weight pressure on people in order to get them to testify. Witnesses called before the jury are not allowed to bring their lawyers, though they may consult with them outside the jury room after each question. Lawyers aren't allowed inside the jury room—and neither is anyone else—because grand jury meetings are notoriously hush-hush. Nobody's supposed to know who's being investigated, or what for. The government says this way everybody gets a fair shake. It protects the innocent witness's reputation, it

encourages those who know something to impart what they know freely, it prevents the escape of potential indictments, and safeguards against any kind of jury tampering. Ha! Lawyers always find out if their client is the *target defendant*, and from there on in, it's going to be gut's ball. What the whole secrecy trip is really about is expedience. The government just wants to go in and tell a little story to the jury, get an indictment, arrest the suspects and set bail with as little hassle as possible.

We said that grand juries

work by applying pressure. Here's how that goes down. You're called to appear. You have no idea what they may know. You and your lawyer get together and prepare a written statement for you to read that in effect says, "Hey I'm being screwed. What about illegal wiretaps, irregularities in search and seizure, perjured testimony? How do I know what you guys got and how you got it?" You make your motions, and nine out of ten times they're denied. So you take the Fifth Amendment. The state's attorney then sidles over, rolls up his sleeves and says, "Okay, boy-o, let's talk immunity."

There are two types of immunity: *transactual* and *general use*. Transactual, which is rarely used now, is in effect an immunity bath; that is, the prosecution is precluded from charging you with any offense deriving from your testimony. Use immunity, on the other hand, prohibits only the use, either direct or indirect, of your compelled testimony. This means that while the government has a heavy burden of showing it has made no such use of the compelled testimony, it is otherwise free to prosecute. Remember that neither type of immunity prevents you from prosecution if you perjure yourself to the grand jury. Do not lie to a grand jury. If you do perjure yourself, you'll be held in contempt and will be put in jail for as long as the jury remains in session.

They make you testify. You take the Fifth, they grant you immunity, and then you're faced with the decision of whether to testify or go to jail. No matter how good your lawyer is, no matter how he squirms and wriggles, this is what it's gonna come down to. Ain't it a bitch. □

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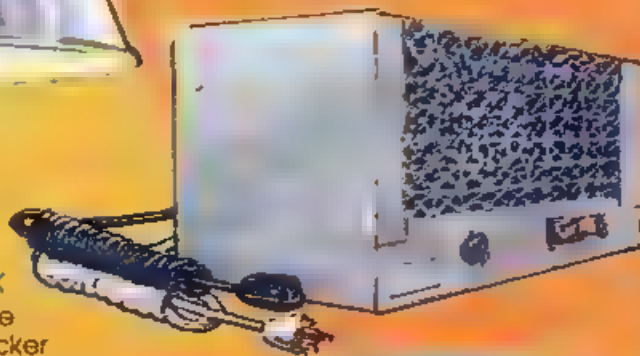
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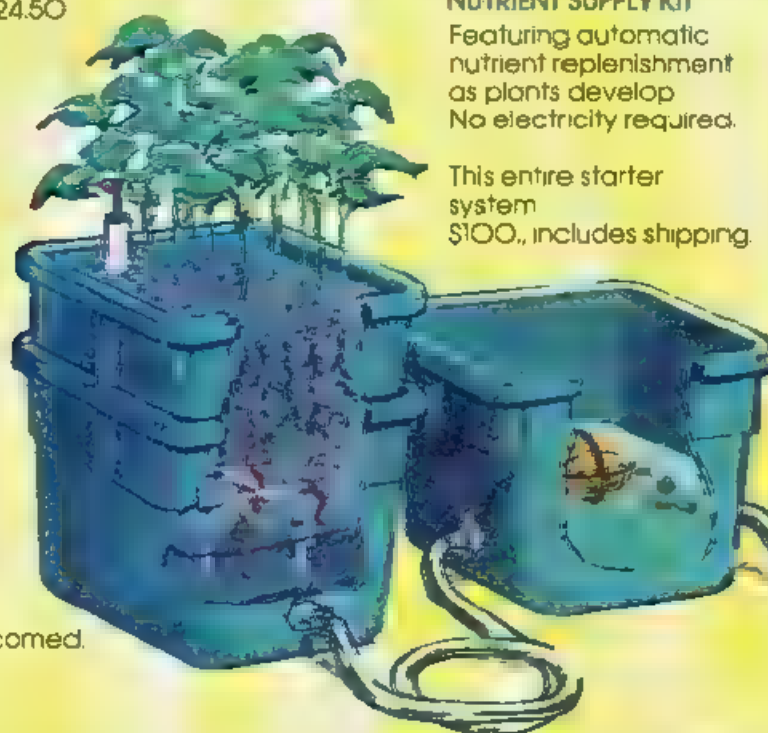
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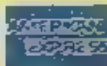
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At Last: A Few Kind Words About Colombian

by "R."

DID YOU HEAR about the scandal in the wine connoisseur world? *TV Guide* did an exposé of those television commercials for some big wineries that feature self-proclaimed connoisseurs endorsing cheap, mass-produced, domestic wines as if they were the finest of famous French château bottlings. Well, it turns out that some of these "connoisseurs" are shoe salesmen with wine as a hobby, or they're paid substantial fees and perks for their appearance, and the tastings themselves are transparently rigged. Choose our wine, the big domestic producers say, and we'll put you in a national TV campaign as a distinguished connoisseur. Then they make sure that the "blind" tasting makes it obvious which bottle is a ticket to TV stardom.

Which brings us to the topic for this month: the continuing crisis in Colombian grass and the stubborn integrity of yours truly, the Connoisseur.

I don't know how many times since my now-famous "Farewell to Colombian" column—the one that kissed off the degraded remnants of a once-great grass variety—your Connoisseur has been pressured by purveyors of Colombian to relent and give his blessing to one sample after another. "Sure, you were right about most Colombian being dogshit bad buzz weed," a Colombian fancier will tell me, "but this stuff is different. It's real gold, beautiful buds, spicy, just like the original Santa Marta."

I'd try it and I'd regret it. Sure there have been a few Colombians that looked gold, a few with an aroma that, if not spicy, was not moldy the way most Colombians have been. But a few tokes and I'd start getting that annoying, ir-



Steve Barker

Maybe this new breed of Colombian was too raw and wild. "Street Fightin' Dope" perhaps.

ritable, bad-tempered buzz that is the best you can expect from most Colombian grass these days.

Time after time Colombian specialists would ply me with what they called primo and declare: "This stuff will change your mind about Colombian. You'll have to write a whole column retracting your attack." They've begged me, they've offered me bribes, they've tried to make me feel guilty for bringing financial ruin upon the Colombian trade.

But the grave responsibilities of my position demand absolute integrity. The Connoisseur never invests in any grass dealing, never possesses more

than a half ounce at a time and never praises or plugs a grass he doesn't believe in.

My response to the pleas of the anguished Colombian sources has always been: Let me see an unimproved product, let me smoke something that does more than give me a headache and an upset stomach, get me something with quality, something that meets the Connoisseur's strict standards, and I'll praise it.

And so, at last when I do have a few kind words to say about something Colombian, you can believe them. I'm not saying the tide has turned entirely and the Colombian connection has redeemed itself from the dismal moldy bad-

buzz stuff they've been inflicting on us for years. But at last I've come across a sign of hope.

When I first saw it, it didn't look very hopeful.

"You've got to be joking," I said to the guy who'd built it up to me. "That's the worst looking weed I've seen in a long time."

And to be sure, it didn't even have the deceptive superficial attractions of some of the fake "Colombian golds" of recent years. No gold at all! This stuff was a sickly green.

I felt insulted. This guy wasn't even offering the appearance of the ancient glories of Santa Marta gold. When I looked closer it looked even worse. There seemed to be a lot of gray, stringy leaves wrapped around decidedly skinny looking buds. When I rolled it into a joint it felt dry and dusty, nothing like that wonderful resinous density of the Punta Rojas of the past.

Still, what the hell, it's my duty, my responsibility to the great mass of cannabis consumers, to give everything a fair try. I lit it up and took a deep toke.

The first thing I noticed was that it didn't have that sickening moldy taste that most Colombian has these days. It wasn't sweet like most indica-based sinsemillas, not really tasty either in the old-fashioned, spicy, Colombian sense, but at least it wasn't stale. If it tasted of burned leaves, at least it was *newly* fallen burned leaves. In general it seemed hastily harvested and poorly cured but relatively fresh.

This is an important change, an almost earthshaking event, since for the past three years I haven't tasted *one single joint* of Colombian that tasted as fresh, and the general decline

continued on page 68



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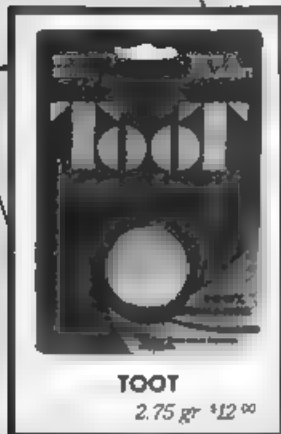


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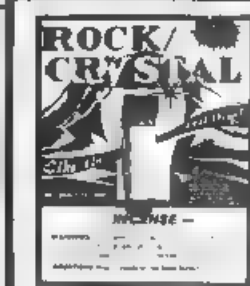
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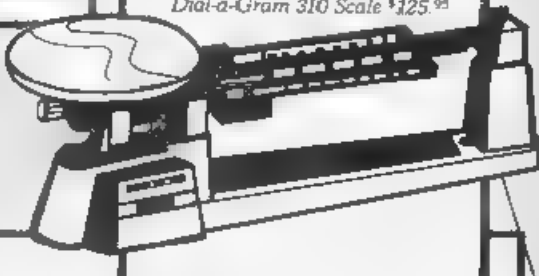


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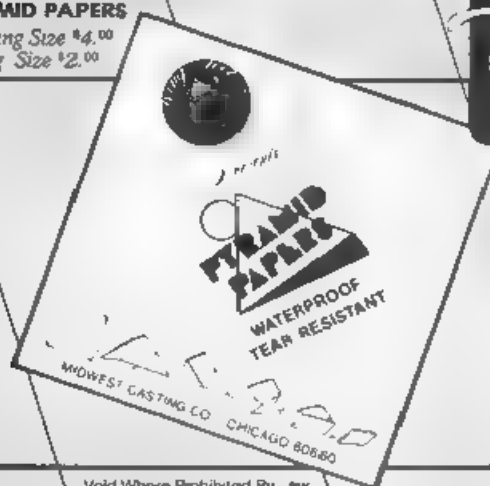
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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

LATEST
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POT-SMOKING GENIUS BEATEN AND FRAMED

THE WILBUR SELLEY CASE

BY MICHAEL DISEND

O R L A N D O, F L O R I D A



W I L B U R S E L L E Y

THERE WERE A stunning 405,600 arrests for grass-related offenses in 1980. Who are these people, other than nameless, faceless statistics? What about those rotting in cells across the country? What price have *they* paid for defying the New Prohibition? There is no way to calculate the human suffering involved, for marijuana, in this time of increasing legal tyranny, has many scapegoats. Wilbur Selley, white, middle-class, and victim of a protracted police vendetta, is but one of thousands. Yet when it comes down to paying intolerable penalties for simply

smoking pot in the privacy of his own house, and having the guts to advocate it publicly, his case is second to none.

His home, these days, is Florida's notorious Orange County Jail, along with 1,031 other men and boys crammed into buildings designed to hold 765. It is a poorly lit, inadequately ventilated hellhole where suicides, rapes and beatings are commonplace, where inmates incarcerated for such crimes as driving

with expired inspection stickers are forced to sleep on floors or in tents, and where a federal court judge in response to a continued on page 24

NARCS SEEK A PIECE OF THE DOPE DOLLAR

DEA PRESSES FOR PROFITS

by Charles Winston-Levy

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

WHEN THE Drug Enforcement Administration held one of its standard press conferences in September, to publicize a "West Coast record" coke bust of 114 pounds, beaming agents displayed not only a tantalizing haul of confiscated blow, but an eye-catching stash of cash as well—\$2 million or so—taken with the cocaine and nine Colombians when, "acting on a tip," they swept down on a house in Van Nuys.

Western regional director George R. Halpin made a telling remark as he gloated for reporters over his region's most impressive score. Gesturing toward the mountain of greenbacks, he told reporters the money would be "paying for your DEA agents in California this year."

Now, back when federal law enforcement was considered a profession and not a business venture, a cop would have been brought out on the carpet for a remark like that: "Goddammit, Halpin, we're not a bunch of highwaymen. We're salaried by a democratic republic to perform a just mission. You make it sound like we come back to headquarters and divvy up the loot. It just doesn't look right. Where's your pride?"

But in the DEA of the 1980s, Halpin was simply articulating policy. The new directive for federal narcs is to grab every dollar and every piece of saleable property that can be traced—or made to look traceable—to dope trafficking.

The Reverse

Agents in the field are stepping up their use of a sting technique known as "the reverse." This means that instead of toting around attache cases full of "flash"

money to set up undercover buys, they are carrying bundles of flash dope, which they offer for sale at bargain prices. When their custo-

tom is it doesn't disrupt much of anything in the long run, and it tends to work down, toward the small fry in the business, rather than up, toward



Lost in a Dick Tracy rapture, DEA regional director George Halpin zaps us with his "We gotcha!" look. Ten-four, Eleanor.

mers, usually solicited through cooperating informants, show up for the exchange, the agents simply show their badges and service revolvers, scoop up the moolah and say goodbye. No arrests, no court case; just take the money and run. The government saves the cost of prosecution, and the poor sap who got burned has to do a lot of explaining to whoever trusted him enough to front the deal. It disrupts the dope networks, they claim.

Only trouble with this sys-

tem is it doesn't disrupt much of anything in the long run, and it tends to work down, toward the small fry in the business, rather than up, toward the established heavies—which is a violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the DEA's charter. Now, if you flash good dope, cheap (the DEA can lay its hands on some superb shit), you'll draw a lot of eager entrepreneurs, usually the hungry ones without established connections. The big boys, tapped into time-tested pipelines, will not jump at unproven sources without being shown impeccable credentials; they may back some upstart in such a deal,

but they will never, never walk in on one themselves. The most likely suckers for this kind of sting are groups of would-be hustlers who, sniffing a few fast Gs, will pool their life's savings to get in on the bargain. This is not conjecture; a group of nonprofessionals was stung that way recently here in California.

The one unique aspect of this style of "investigation" is that to work it effectively the narcs have to aim their efforts, for a change, at dealers, or potential dealers, of heroin and cocaine rather than pot—just because it's easier logistically to deliver a suitcase full of smack or blow, for flush purposes, than, say, a semi-trailer truck loaded with weed.

Confiscations

In areas where the DEA is still using the old-fashioned infiltrate-set-buy-and-indict method, they are placing much more emphasis than they used to on confiscations. That is, part of the infiltrator's job nowadays is to inventory every vehicle used for a meet, every building where anything might have been stored, every dinghy within sight of an off-loading operation, every piece of machinery used in cultivation, etc., while other white-collar agents are engaged in tracing every iota of the targeted offender's wealth. If they nail him, they claim it was all used in the drug enterprise or bought with drug profits; then they deal it off at government auction and send the proceeds on to the U.S. Treasury.

Why the Rush for Money?

Though publicly the DEA trumpets this money-grubbing policy as an inspired new tactic that will hit the dope movers "where it hurts, in the pocketbook," it is actu-

continued on page 27

BOLIVIAN UPDATE

STATE DEPARTMENT'S 'HOMEGROWN NARC' PUTS BOLIVIA ON PAROLE

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE Republic of Bolivia, deeply infested with acknowledged cocaine gangsters, torture experts and fugitive European Nazis, has been sort of put on good-conduct parole by the U.S. State Department. Last winter the Reagan administration quietly decided to "normalize" relations with the military junta in La Paz, and named for the purpose a career narcotics law-enforcement expert, Edwin Corr—formerly assistant secretary of state for narcotics. Bolivia since 1979 has been cut off from all U.S. aid and diplomatic relations, and even dope enforcement, ever since a coalition of right-wing military dope mobsters toppled the democratically elected government of Hernan Siles Zuazo,



Reach out and bust someone. Impeccably macho narcs at La Paz police headquarters prepare to divvy up a recent cocaine haul.

and went on running the government whilst also running long tons of toot into the USA, and profiting enormously from it.

So the selection of a veteran State Department narc as

Washington's ambassador to La Paz is a clear warning to the much-bemadaled *narcotraficantes* in the Bolivian brass to clean up their act, at least so far as dope moving is concerned. The DEA, which

pulled out of Bolivia in disgust after the "Cocaine Coup" of '80, has an eager new narc squad poised to charge into Bolivia as soon as Corr gives the message to slip the leash on them; and while this prospect may discomfit some of the cocaine colonels in the junta, the prospect of the much-needed millions in American aid that will follow the narcs is definitely beguiling.

The current government of Bolivia was largely structured by considerations of downplaying the cocaine colonels' profile for the benefit of the State Department (see "Highwitness News," Feb '81). The original toot junta of Pres. Col. Luis Garcia Meza obligingly handed over power—after the international press had thoroughly exposed them as coke mobsters—to a *troika* of ultraconservative military chiefs headed by air-force chief Gen. Waldo Bernal. When Bernal was promptly identified as a longtime coke-trade enforcer, Gen. Celso Torrelio Villa was officially named *el presidente*. And though Bernal still runs all the military airplanes in Bolivia, this gesture at good housekeeping was sufficient for U.S. State to decide that the new junta somehow promises to be "more cooperative in dealing with the narcotics traffic than past governments."

They had better be, if Edwin Corr lives up to his past record as one of U.S. State's shrewdest and most effective narcotics hotshots. A rare holdover from the Carter administration, Corr is one of the few Alexander Haig diplomatic appointees to Latin America who so much as speaks Spanish. And Corr also has an understanding of the dope racket which outstrips that of a small-town beat cop, thus making him conspicuous among U.S. foreign-service personnel in

continued on page 26

COFFEE SCARE SHAFTS INTERNATIONAL SALES

DALLAS, TEXAS

PANICKY COFFEE IMPORTERS and merchandisers assembled here last fall to discuss the plummeting state of coffee consumption in the United States, its economic implications here and abroad, and possible ways to ameliorate it. Within just the last two years average per capita intake of coffee in the United States has dropped from over three cups per day to slightly more than two cups; and though the total tonnage of coffee imported and used has remained steady, the downward-trending overall sales profile has produced jitters in American industry and in foreign producing countries alike.

The main element seen behind the coffee drop was a widely publicized report from the Harvard University School of Medicine allegedly linking coffee consumption

with the development of pancreatic cancer. The Harvard study has been widely criticized by scientists—most recently in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*—for overextrapolating a tenuous statistical link between a group of pancreatic-cancer patients and their own estimates of their coffee consumption. It is also curious that patients who had drunk decaffeinated coffee were no more nor less susceptible to developing cancer, statistically, than drinkers of high-caffeine beverages. While the Harvard researchers hold stoutly by their controversial study, a team of Yale doctors, led by Dr. Alvan Feinstein, insists that much more research needs to be done before a cause-and-effect link between coffee and cancer can be responsibly made.

These qualifications of the 1979 coffee-and-cancer media scare have hardly been re-

ported at all in the popular media, though, so many Americans continue to believe that coffee—or caffeine—has been proven to be carcinogenic. As a result sales have dropped here and imports from abroad have not increased as expected.

This has had drastic consequences, especially in some developing African nations like Uganda and Tanzania, these nations had been effortfully industrializing their coffee production for years, hoping to cash in during the '80s by underselling the South American coffee cartels that had abnormally inflated the price of coffee throughout the '70s with OPEC-like monopoly maneuvers. With U.S. demand dropping, though, countries like Venezuela and Colombia may undergo considerable hardship. The only remotely positive thing to come out of

continued on page 23

BOGUS DOPE SPARKS BOGUS DOPE SCARE

LAST FALL, WASHINGTON Metro narcs invented "look-alike" marijuana: a finely sifted blend of tea, parsley and celery flakes, sprinkled liberally with birdseed and sprayed with vanilla for a convincing odor. They had plainclothesmen peddle it in joints and baggies in spots which had become renowned around town for excellent street weed, specifically to undermine the reputation of D.C. street smoke. When incensed buyers returned to complain about getting burnt, the cops would flash their badges and give their victims a brusque 23-skidoo. And though their "look-alike" burn project hasn't put the slightest dent in the capital's street trade, the cops bragged about it boisterously enough, and got so much righteous applause in the local media, that it actually helped rescue the narc-squad budget from impending appropriations cuts—not to mention the bogus dime-bag proceeds, which may have run into scores of thousands.

Meanwhile, the Food and Drug Administration, the Justice Department and the U.S. Postal Service have been engineering a comprehensive crackdown on private-sector "look-alike" drugs—mainly pills and caps full of caffeine and nonprescription decongestant garbage, fashioned to look suggestively like commercial prescription amphetamines. Even the House of Representatives' Crime Committee has seen fit to occupy itself with what's been labeled the "look-alike" drug sensation.

Coincidental with the crime-committee hearings, then, the FDA launched a nationwide crackdown on certain selected companies making what they called "look-alike" pills and capsules. Eight small private corporations in four states had their premises raided by Justice Department marshals, who seized all pills and capsules resembling commercial medications made by larger companies; the marshals also seized pill presses, die stamps and capsule-filling machinery that they suspected of being used in making



counterfeits.

Commonly called "peashooters" on the street, look-alikes generally contain fairly stiff concentrations of caffeine, ephedrine and phenylpropanolamine (PPA). Caffeine, of course, is the uplifting principle in coffee, cola soft drinks, tea and so on. PPA is a decongestant with mildly uppish side effects, and so is ephedrine; they're present in all sorts of over-the-counter nostrums for coughs and hay fever, such as Contac, Bronkaid, NyQuil, Ornex and a few dozen other commercial medications. None of these drugs has any "abuse liability," and the likelihood of individuals sustaining adverse reactions to them, even in very stiff doses, is so small that they've been on the open cold-remedy market for years, picking up no heat whatsoever.

However, in the late '70s it came to the attention of various canny businessmen that there was a profound speed drought in the nation, and these nonprescription drugs were enlisted to fill the vacuum. The federal DEA, after the scandalous speed binge of the '60s, had done a magnificent job of browbeating large pharmaceutical firms into restricting and control-

ling their output of Dextro-drine, Dexamyl and Biphedamine, the most popular sorts of speed, and heavily discouraged doctors from prescribing them as weight-control adjuncts, for which they were useless in any case. This left a lot of profoundly habituated speed users desperate for stimulants of any sort, and so peashooters were invented.

Peashooters were merchandised, typically, in shipments of thousands. Customers paid as little as three cents a capsule wholesale, and sold them on the streets at up to a couple bucks apiece—to first-time buyers, anyway. Presumably the price dropped considerably once buyers actually tried the stuff, and discovered it wasn't anything like real speed. The stimulant mix would conduce to wakefulness, though, and suppress appetite to a certain extent, and so even if the speed high was absent, truck drivers and cramming college kids and pudgy housewives were always in the market. The market, in fact, was so fat that SmithKline French in 1980 developed Dietac—a "look-alike" for Dexamyl—and Thompson Laboratories put out Dexatrim, whose name alone, with the Dextro-drine-like appearance of the spansule, was sufficient to

make a speed freak's mouth water. Both these peashooters nostrums were advertised extensively on television, especially on after-dinner news programs, when overweight people are feeling most anxious about their bodies.

The market took off grandly in 1980, when peashooters firms commenced running large, garish ad displays in men's magazines and in *HIGH TIMES*. They generated considerable controversy at this magazine, splitting the staff into rancorously opposed factions. Some viewed peashooter advertising as an encouragement of unrighteous dope dealing, aiding and abetting burn artists; others pointed out that these things were selling steadily everywhere, in the scores of millions each year, so obviously most buyers were buying them as peashooters, and not under the delusion that they were speed. In any event, the readership settled it; a blistering onslaught of mail from deeply insulted and offended *HIGH TIMES* people persuaded the magazine to drop the ads as soon as the advance paid insertions ran out, in May 1981—at a cost of some \$15,000 per issue in ad revenue from that month forward.

Drug Survival News, by their own admission, set the national "look-alike" dope scare rolling in May of last year. *Organ of L.A.'s veteran drug-advice service Do It Now*, *Drug Survival News* is a thoroughly scrupulous and reliable periodical, and in their May 1981 issue they very responsibly outlined the nature of what they called "look-alikes," and their potential hazards.

Basically, *DSN* published a rundown of all the possible adverse reactions to PPA, straight from the *Physician's Desk Reference*. Closely related to amphetamines in molecular structure, PPA in people with dangerously high blood pressure can trigger genuine hypertensive stroke symptoms; everything from mere headache to outright brain hemorrhage leading to coma, paralysis

continued on page 27

NO ROOM AT THE TROUGH FOR MENTAL-HEALTH WORKERS

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE MESSAGE FROM THE Reagan administration is absolutely unmistakable: If you go crazy at any point in the rest of your life, you're on your own, and God help you if you're already crazy. In a move that can only be interpreted as deep-sixing the emotionally disturbed of the nation, Reagan budget cutters have virtually eliminated the already negligible amount of federal money that formerly went for research and treatment of mental-health problems.

"Those areas of research which are considered 'social' will not be funded," emphasizes a budget-review report for the National Institute on Mental Health in Baltimore. The bureau of the NIMH that carries out most research into mental illness, the Work and Mental Health Division, has been butchered of 75 percent of its former budget. "Social research" programs in the Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration have been discontinued, and funds for research into cognitive and behavioral dysfunctions have been sliced 60 percent at the National Science Foundation itself.

In recent years scientific research into the nature, origins and treatment of emotional disturbances—and other problems such as drug addiction—has revolutionized the subject, invalidating many traditional assumptions about "insanity" and introducing many promising new modes of prevention and treatment of mental illness. Most prominently, traditional assumptions that "neuroses" and "psychoses" are purely mental in origin have been challenged by a much subtler concept of mind and body existing in a complex and subtle synergy. New treatments for emotional maladies, based on this view, disturb many people who believe mental illness to be evidence of repressed sexual or guilt feelings, to be "cured" only by couch confession, anguished introspection, violent catharsis and so on. Since the use of psychotropic drugs, such as antidepressants, is commonly a feature of these new mental-health

therapies, they are doubly repugnant to people who believe that mental illness somehow *should* involve suffering and anguish, with no alleviation by drugs.

The extirpation of mental health-research programs from the federal budget has been camouflaged in a deceptive new setup whereby the government has actually increased overall funding for scientific research and development by 8 percent beyond projected inflation. However, all the increased funds have been earmarked strictly for national-defense purposes, which have been augmented 32 percent; research and development unrelated to defense have been slashed by

16 percent.

Even so, the specific elimination of social and behavioral research, which never amounted to over 3 percent of the total federal science budget, was clearly a signal that Ronald Reagan, who professes disbelief in the theory of evolution, doesn't put much faith in newfangled concepts of treating the mentally ill, either: "The programs selected [for extirpating] seem dictated not so much by financial constraints," Phillip Handler of the National Academy of Science told *Scientific American* recently, "as by social philosophy."

And in an ultimate refinement of this philosophy, the administration this year initi-

ated a policy of disbursing the remaining mental-health funds to state legislatures as parts of "block grants" to be divided up among competing mental-health administrators, alcohol-treatment programs and drug-treatment programs. This effectively pits state mental-health workers against drug-treatment administrators in competition for funds. Illegal drugs being much more of a "glamour" issue than mental illness—and drug-program administrators being notorious for drumming up appropriations with flashy dope-scare media propaganda—prospects are dim for mental-health treatment in America, and for the people who need it.

JORGY



COFFEE SCARE SHAFTS SALES

continued from page 21

this may be a restimulation of the marijuana industry; but since Yankee demand for *maracacha* also peaked in 1979 when it hit a nationwide saturation point of some 20 million semiregular consumers, and has been trending downwards ever since, the South American exporters will have to reach for the burgeoning European mar-

ket—where, once again, they'll be in competition with African nations from the Atlantic coast, who have recently geared up *yamba* production for smuggling into Europe.

As for American coffee companies, their best shot seems to be a broad health-education public-relations project. "We're trying to bring back some of the credi-

bility to the industry by suggesting that caffeine is not bad for you," says Kirby Kanden, "education" director for the National Coffee Service Association. In fact, it might not be too hard to deflate the posited caffeine-and-cancer link. The adverse effects of the drug on digestion, blood pressure and cardiac function—along with the fact that it's physically addictive—will probably be soft-pedaled considerably in any such health-education campaign.

POT-SMOKING GENIUS BEATEN AND FRAMED

continued from page 19
prisoner class-action suit has ordered the prompt release of 200 men because their jail conditions constitute cruel and unusual punishment. Here Selley, 56, a creative man who poses no threat to society, is required to work 16 hours a day, from 4 A.M. to 8 P.M., sweeping the cells, scrubbing puke and shit off walls and running messages for the guards. It is a regimen designed to dehumanize and humiliate him.

This is quite a comedown for a once happy family man, business executive and successful inventor. Selley is an acknowledged professional genius with a turned-on imagination, a man who turned 12 intuitive leaps into commercially marketable patents that generated hundreds of jobs and millions in business profits. Since his graduation from Syracuse University in 1948, this Edison-style inventor, working in the privacy of his well-equipped lab in Maitland, Florida, produced working models from conceptualized abstract ideas. The result was scores of appliances, motors and engine parts, including the Bison vacuum cleaner for shag rugs; pumps and filters; a cycloptic projector; and the invention we've all appreciated: a hot dog grill, popular at sporting events, that uses stainless steel rollers to broil franks. Selley is a classically independent thinker, an eccentric who chose to toil in the privacy of his laboratory rather than get yoked to the harness of a corporate team.

His problems began about eight years ago when he—a pot smoker of the highest caliber—became vocal in his criticism of local dope-law enforcement. It was risky because central Florida is a zoo of social deterioration and panicked police repression. But Selley wanted to spread the news about this herb that, he was convinced, has a curious way of increasing creativity and perception. The cops responded by smashing

into his house, rousing him and his wife, Joan, from bed, and busting them for possession. The case proved less than airtight, so they tried again a few weeks later. The second bust was tried by circuit judge Peter DeManio, and on June 7, 1973, he found Selley and Joan guilty of possessing less than an ounce of marijuana. The Selleys insist the grass, found atop a bedroom dresser after three hours of searching, was planted.

Judge DeManio slammed Selley with a term of five years in prison, and gave his wife 30 days in jail for this alleged "crime."

Later Selley was picked up with a tony piece of hashish while out on appeal bond and spent six weeks in jail before the judge agreed to release him on probation for five years as long as he stayed away from grass, kept out of "trouble," and had no contact with the media.

The "media blackout" rule arose from Selley's belief that if he generated attention in the press, it might help his case. In Florida, where to this day they weld captured escapees into cells for years at a time until they turn into something resembling boiled potatoes, where 167 prisoners await execution on Death Row, where political and judicial corruption permeates the whole system like terminal cancer, this was a mistaken assumption.

From the judge's order on April 19, 1974, until the summer of 1977 all was as it should be: peaceful. The Selleys gave up their colorful hippie garb and adopted a straight appearance, even becoming regular churchgoers and appeasing the local Norey Purkers. But the felony dope conviction hurt him professionally. Selley had become fairly affluent from his work, generating enough income to remain self-employed and pay for the support of his wife, children and \$70,000 lakefront home in Maitland. After his second



Inventor Wilbur Webb Selley helped to develop the minipotter for American Machine & Foundry Company in 1958.

marijuana bust, Lomart Manufacturing, Inc. of New York—which listed him as a member of the board and head of research and development, dropped him and canceled his \$20,000 annual flat retainer.

But Selley wasn't silenced, and thus garnered the abiding wrath of the political establishment. He ran for mayor of Maitland on a general civil-libertarian platform, which included, among other issues, the decriminalized smoking of marijuana as a legitimate right. He was thoroughly defeated. Financial pressure then forced the Selleys to sell their home and lease half of his shop to compensate for the loss of income. But he still kept on with his inventions, doing research on a "torqueless flying machine," even developing a small prototype that actually flew. Selley was poorer but still creative and buoyant.

His life collapsed on January 3, 1978, when a 12-man jury in circuit judge Frank Kaney's court convicted Wilbur Selley of assaulting a police officer.

The case started with Selley driving to his Cherry Street lab on the evening of August 26, 1977, after dinner with friends. He was planning to show them his shop after a short hop to the wine store. Suddenly an unmarked car screeched to a stop beside his van and out stepped two husky, unshaven SWAT-team men wielding machine guns. They were dressed in scruffy Levi's and neither man identified himself as a cop. Selley wasn't charged with as much as a traffic violation.

The cops later claimed in court that they had stopped Selley's vehicle because they

suspected it was occupied by members of a motorcycle gang that had recently fired some shots through the window of a local tavern. The officers never explained precisely why they assumed that night riders armed with automatic weapons would choose to hide in the back of an old van driven by a middle-aged inventor.

Then, as subsequently confirmed by all concerned, both deputies leaped on Selley, flung him to the ground, shackled his arms and legs and kicked him to a bloody pulp for the next 45 minutes around the head and body. Besides their heavy boots, rifle butts were utilized. They were soon joined by two other deputies who joined them in the savage kicking fracas.

These events were witnessed by five people whose testimony was verified by a polygraph test administered by the firm of Willie Morris.

Selley was covered with bruises, including "a massive hematoma [a bruise or swelling containing blood] over his right lateral eye . . . a hematoma and abrasions on his forehead, above the right forehead, on the right shoulder, abrasions, the right anterior shoulder, the right wrist and forearm, left inner elbow and wrist, left knee, laterally above the left knee . . . He had a four by six inch hematoma, the left ear, and on his back he had abrasions and contusions."

The physician who examined him stated the bloody bruises came from "tremendous blows" and at least one of them was "about four to eight inches" and "stuck out about one or two inches."

Yet, because one of the cops incurred a rather minor hemorrhage to his eye, Sel-

ley was charged and subsequently convicted of "battery" to a police officer, a charge that used to be a misdemeanor but is now a felony. His probation was instantly revoked. Typically, the chief deputy who headed this ambush by police radio is now in prison for stealing money from the narc fund of the police department. In court the jury ignored the testimony of the eyewitnesses and chose instead to believe the one officer who gave contrary testimony. To add insult to grievous injuries, the head of the SWAT team, John Mobilo, who claimed he was "assaulted," filed suit against Selley in civil court the very next day after the beating and that suit is still pending. The Selleys have had to counter-sue in self-defense. Every appeal has been lost and the cost to the Selleys has been ruinous, financially and emotionally.

Still, at a recent "Mitigation of Sentence Hearing" before Judge Thomas Kirkland on September 17, 1981, ten well-known members of the community, including a doctor, a minister, engineers, a retired colonel, and writers and artists testified to Selley's professional standing, his creative accomplishments,

and to the fact that he is a decided noncriminal who would stand to benefit nothing from imprisonment.

Today Selley sits in Orange County Jail, doing hard time for his own beating. This is the same sentence recently given Ed Mason, head of the Orange County Commissioners, who murdered his wife, Diane, by shooting her five times in the chest. She was the mother of his four sons. But because Ed Mason was a popular politician, and had Mayor Frederick and other local politicians and police testifying for his character, the presiding judge decided that he was "no ordinary criminal."

Marijuana wasn't the cause of Wilbur Selley's downfall. Marijuana didn't smash his door down and violate his home at midnight. Marijuana didn't kick him senseless and frame him with aid of judge and prosecutor. Marijuana in no way creates the type of brutal mind state that, in the name of backward and repressive drug laws, sees fit to smash a gifted man's life in twain.

The enemy is ignorance. Until marijuana smoking is decriminalized, cases like Wilbur Selley's will remain all too commonplace.



BEIRUT—Understandably humiliated because the outnumbered Israelis keep whipping their butts, the new Arab rulers of Lebanon aim at a more vulnerable target: hashish smokers. Over two thousand tokers were arrested here by the Syrian Deterrent Forces and the joint command of the National Movement (Lebanese leftist forces) and charged with dealing drugs. The joint-command forces also conducted a dragnet of cafés where smokers used to meet.

PENICILLIN CITED AS NUMBER ONE DRUG OF ABUSE

NEW YORK CITY

PENICILLIN AND SIMILAR antibiotics have been fingered as a major drug-abuse phenomenon, contributing to a potential health catastrophe of global scope. The primary pushers behind the antibiotic epidemic are not Mafia smugglers or perverts lurking in school yards, however; they comprise doctors, advertising firms and Midwestern stock raisers.

In the almost 60 years since their inception in medicine, antibiotics have been so abundantly overemployed that the bacteria that they neutralize have already responded by evolving a self-defense mechanism. In perhaps the first full-fledged evolutionary leap in any organism to be closely observed by scientists, several previously antibiotic sensitive strains of disease bacteria have developed small circles of genetic material in their cell bodies called plasmids. These plasmid bodies not only render individual bacteria cells resistant to antibiotics, but bacteria promoting completely different sorts of diseases are able to swap these resistant plasmids among themselves. Recently doctors in Texas and California reported discovering resistant plasmids in samples of *Treponema pallida*, which

causes syphilis, according to the July 31 issue of *Science* magazine.

In response, medical authorities in 25 countries have called for an end to "flagrant overuse" of antibiotics around the world. Doctors everywhere overprescribe them recklessly, and many even dispense them for viral conditions, like the common cold, where they can have no conceivable utility. Worst of all, meat raisers in developed nations heavily dose cattle with antibiotics to cut stock losses, humans consequently eat so much antibiotic-dosed meat that conditions for the evolution of resistant bacteria are immeasurably heightened.

There is an urgent need, experts declare, for physicians to learn about both the hazards of antibiotic overprescription and the proper, moderate uses of these drugs. Drug companies, which tout their antibiotics as nostrums for everything under the sun in trade advertisements, may have to be restrained, like tobacco advertisers. And the practice of dosing stock with powerful disease killers may have to be curtailed. Otherwise, before another 60 years passes the world may see a resurgence of bacterial maladies like bubonic plague, chronic venereal diseases and epidemic infections.

THE FREEDOM MANIFESTO

UNLESS IT IS MAN'S DESTINY to become just another form of social insect, people must realize that if they are ever to achieve happiness they must have freedom, freedom from human constraint, freedom from physical force or the threat of physical force.

MAN MUST LIVE IN A SOCIETY in which all voluntary adult relationships are voluntary and where no one may dictate to any adult what his lifestyle must be, a society in which no one has any duties or obligations except of his own choice, a society where in matters of love, friendship and the marketplace people owe each other nothing but truthfulness.

LET NO INDIVIDUAL or group posture as an advocate of freedom who would restrict the following rights in any way.

THE SOVEREIGN RIGHTS OF ADULTS

LIFE: The right of each adult to absolute command over his own body.

LIBERTY: The right of each adult to possess his own creations and the product of non fraudulent transactions.

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS: The right of each adult to participate in relationships with consenting adults.

THE ONLY CRIMINAL ACTS (felonies) are those which violate any of another's three sovereign rights by forcibly or fraudulently invading him in a relationship or by violating his control over his own possessions. The other rights are necessary, and although they are primitive in their simplicity, they are, nevertheless, the foundations of civilization.

William Webb Selley
WILLIAM WEBB SELLEY

BOLIVIA PUT ON PAROLE

continued from page 21
general.

Addressing a 1979 international dope symposium in Colombia, Coor fingered the causes of the Bolivian coca-revolution months before it happened. "The huge profits generated by illicit drug trafficking disturb the economies of many countries," Coor explained, "worsening their inflation, diminishing their fiscal income, and redistributing their resources to elements of society that, in the majority of cases, invest their funds outside the country rather than in projects that could benefit the producing countries." The problem being the illegal trade, rather than drugs themselves or the dirt peasants who grow them, simplistic solutions like State Department boycotts and paraquat have historically proven harmful and ineffective. Coor has been a proponent of scientific crop-substitution programs—replacing dope crops like coca with profitable alternative legal tillage—for years.

But Coor also has a sharp eye for narcocorruption, and according to the State Department, all his recommendations for augmented American aid funds will be conditional on his estimation of how clean the La Paz brass are in the cocaine sector. But "clean" may turn out to be a highly relative term. Ex-president Garcia Meza is currently touring Europe and the Far East in an executive jet chock-full of secretaries, relatives and bodyguards—25 people in all, the whole parade entirely subsidized by the Bolivian treasury. General Bernal, of course, still runs the air force. And Torrelo, under Garcia Meza, worked closely in the military academy and the interior ministry with Col. Luis "Lucho" Arce Gomez, identified by CBS-TV itself as a notorious coke-mob millionaire. Arce was in fact recently reinstated to military command by President Torrelo,

after a short period of official disgrace.

So Coor's work is cut out for him, and is not likely to be made any easier after revelations by columnist Jack Anderson of a curious deal associated with Coor's very appointment. In March 1980, Bolivian industrialists Alfredo Gutierrez and Roberto Gasser were busted by the DEA while allegedly trying to launder \$9 million in coke proceeds in a Miami bank (See "Cocaine Colonialism," Aug '81). Both jumped \$1 million bail, apiece, and skipped back to Bolivia, to the embarrassment and irritation of the DEA, which had spent months, and *mucho dinero*, setting up the busts. So one condition of "normalizing" relations with Bolivia, Anderson hinted, will be the return of Gutierrez to the U.S. to face charges. (Gasser, who owns the main sugar monopoly in Santa Cruz Department, is not on record at the State Department, and



The courtyard of La Paz Prison where cocaine buyers and sellers spend a few stimulating years together.

the DEA by policy won't discuss the fugitives it loses). The great punchline in this deal is the rumor that Gutierrez, once convicted, is guaranteed to be shipped straight back to Bolivia in exchange for a few of the nickel-and-dime Yankee coke mules currently languishing there in jail. When asked bluntly

about this by HIGH TIMES, a U.S. State Department flunky could only aver, "We have a very complicated prisoner-exchange treaty with Bolivia."

However questionable this DEA toss-and-catch routine, Coor's advent in La Paz is generally regarded as a wholesome development. Press accounts from Peru (where Coor was briefly U.S. ambassador, just prior to his new appointment) tell of an impending mass sack of no less than 15 La Paz coke movers among the brass. The sackings may include Col. "Freddy" Quiroga, the cattle prod-wielding secret-police chief, and Col. Faustino Rico Toro, a notorious coke-mob enforcer. Quiroga and Rico Toro also happen, reportedly, to be prime conspirators in a move to topple the Torrelo junta and replace it with an even more "authoritarian" regime.

Meanwhile, the last popularly elected president of Bolivia, Sr. Siles Zuazo, is in European exile, the U.S. State Department having written him off entirely. For all their embarrassing past complicity in the toot trade, and equivocal resolutions to do better in the future, the cocaine colonels are clearly more ideologically palatable to Alexander Haig's State Department than any popular-choice president.



After having been treated with lime, the precious liquid, or base, is poured into bags. These Bolivian coke producers are masked to avoid identification and are protected by armed guards, more from rival groups than from the army.

DEA PRESSES FOR PROFITS

continued from page 20
ally a clever effort to save the agency from extinction.

It all started a little over a year ago with a unique convergence of circumstances. When David Stockman and his team of new-right budget trimmers were setting up shop in Washington, U.S. Customs launched a lobbying effort to take over the bailiwick of DEA. And, even as it leaked out that Customs was whispering charges of corruption and incompetence into the ears of legislators and incoming administrators, the General Accounting Office (GAO) was inquiring into the effectiveness of DEA's use of powers granted in 1978 to confiscate the wealth of drug criminals. When the GAO report was finally released, accusing the DEA of not seizing enough drug dollars, Sen. Joseph Biden held a press conference and recommended a shakeup.

This was no minor crisis. For a while, it appeared the DEA would go the way of its predecessors: the BN (Bureau of Narcotics), BNDD (Bureau of Narcotics and

Dangerous Drugs) and ODALE (Office of Drug Abuse Law Enforcement).



Some of the nine pounds of heroin, six pounds of cocaine, and over \$500,000 in cash seized by members of the Northeast Region of the DEA in a recent bust.

The job of every DEA employee, from the lowliest clerk in the most remote local office to the highest official in Washington, was on the line. Administrator Peter B. Bensinger had to launch his own lobbying campaign, replete with bloated bust statistics and tales of underworld intrigue, calling in all political favors owed, just to get his people through the first Re-

publican budget blitz. His shameless tactics lost him his job, but saved the agency, though a bitter condition of its survival was that it be moved under the administrative umbrella of its longtime archrival, the FBI.

In the cauldron of this crisis, however, it appears that someone at DEA, perhaps Bensinger himself, had realized that the troublesome GAO report was a blessing in disguise: What if the agency put every bit of muscle available into confiscations? What if they went even further and employed "the reverse" on a grand scale?

The volume of illicit drug business in the United States is estimated at somewhere in the neighborhood of \$80 billion annually; the DEA's budget hovers around \$220 million. A piece of the action, less than one half of one percent of what was moving through the dope market, would more than pay the rent on a national narc squad.

All of this would have been much easier if DEA had not botched Operation Banco. That was the cash-flow monitoring project set up in 1977 to trace the dope money that was rushing like floodwater through South Florida banks. Headed up by a DEA agent, with FBI also involved, it collapsed in a storm of scandal and interagency rivalry in 1980, having only the questionably significant Black Tuna bust to its credit. A parallel effort, Operation Greenbacks, run by Customs and IRS, was meanwhile turning in some successes and is still active. So the DEA lost its credibility as an agency capable of dealing with the complexity of financial institutions, and when it came time for the government to set up its own cash-laundering front to grab millions in narcodollars last spring and summer, it was FBI that got the franchise and the credit.

Nevertheless, it looks as if DEA has enough angles covered to bring off this little scam and become, no longer figuratively, a subsidiary of the drug industry. When Assistant Attorney General Rudolph Giuliani, the man who has been overseeing DEA's absorption into the FBI, told a reporter last year that the merger was seen as a "corporate acquisition" for the Bureau, he wasn't kidding.

BOGUS DOPE SCARE

continued from page 22
and death. Under normal circumstances, with any drug produced by a commercial drug company, PPA-induced strokes would be written off as "idiosyncratic reactions", but since none of the peashooters, beyond Dietac and Dexatrim, were put out by PDR-rank drug companies, the DSN's report grew into a national dope scare almost overnight.

By late summer, state coroners in New Mexico and Illinois had managed to turn up a number of alleged "look-alike" deaths, variously totaling 10, 12 and 16 bodies, depending on which news report one read or heard. The victims were uniformly characterized as "kids" or

"youths," though inquiries by *HIGH TIMES* failed to turn up any victims younger than 20 on any coroner's mortality list. More perplexing yet, neither coroner's office was at liberty to divulge exactly what drugs were found in the bodies of the "look-alike" casualties. "That information has been sort of held back," an assistant New Mexico coroner opaquely responded when asked if antidepressants might have been involved. Since certain antidepressant medications are virtually certain to promote hypertensive strokes when combined with PPA or ephedrine—and so will alcohol, quite often—the question of what really killed these people is still very much open.

And considering the millions of peashooters that are gobbled all over the country each month, it's certainly peculiar that only supposedly robust young people ever seem to be harmed by them, while older, presumably higher risk consumers appear to get off unscathed.

The invocation of the magic "kid" makes all the difference. An adult who overdosed on peashooters would obviously be either an idiot or a suicide, responsible for the consequences of his or her own behavior. But when a "kid"—some hypothetical virgin vessel of unrelieved ignorance and adolescent curiosity—gobbles down a couple dozen fat black capsules all at once, the responsibility devolves onto the drug, and the people who package and merchandise it.

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS



CANADA

Commercial	good flow	oz	65-80
Colombian		lb	550-750
Gold and red	gone like the wind	oz	80-85
Colombian		lb	600-800
Hawaiian buds	none in sight	oz	325-350
		lb	2800-3800
Mexican tops	a few in season	oz	50-85
		lb	450-850
California	nada	oz	200-275
sinsemilla		lb	2000-2800
Homegrown pot.	mild	oz	10-15
	headscratcher	lb	50-200
Hash	red and blond Leb	oz	140-175
		lb	1900-2500
LSD	your choice	one	4-10
		100	300-450
Methaqualone	steady	one	3-6
		100	275-450
Cocaine	danced on heavily	gm	110-160
		oz	1850-2500

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	slow	oz	10-15
golds, reds		lb	60-100
Commercial	usual strong	oz	2-5
domestic	supply	lb	30-80
Colombian hash	for gettable	oz	8-25
		lb	100-225
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	40-75
Cocaine	good assortment	oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

FRANCE

Commercial	fashion designers only	oz	140
Colombian			
African pot	lots of shake, mediocre	oz	80-100

Leb hash	international favorite	gm	5
Afghan hash	black, strong	gm	6
Nepal hash	the best	gm	7.50-12
Cocaine	heavily danced on	gm	150
LSD	art blots	one	7
Hash oil	popular at parties	gm	11
Opium	Turkish, tasty	gm	14

MEXICO

Oaxacan tops	from expatriate	oz	12-15
	Tuxans	lb	75-100
Mexican	worth a shot	oz	10-12
sinsemilla		lb	80-110
Acapulco gold	yippie	oz	10-20
		lb	90-130
Guerrero gold	muchos pesos	oz	7-12
	when around	lb	65-125
Cocaine	turkey's special	gm	40-60
		oz	400-700

MOROCCO

Cannabis pollen, double O powder	soft, chewy balls	gm	1
		lb	100
Cannabis pollen, first class powder	like black	gm	.50
	chewing gum	lb	60-75
Loose buds (kil)	8 inch buds,	20	1
	like Thai studs	kilo	10
Cocaine	from Amsterdam	gm	100
LSD	from West	one	4
	Germany, red stars, clear blots		
Amphetamines	'script Apetin	50	2.50

THE NETHERLANDS

Commercial	nothing to write	gm	4
Colombian	home about	kilo	2000
African buds	too seedy	gm	4
		kilo	2000

Blond Leb hash	bottom of the line	gm	7
		kilo	4000
Moroccan hash	dried slabs	gm	8
		kilo	4500
Red Leb hash	funny, colorful	gm	10
		kilo	6000
Afghan hash	black, sticky, heavenly	gm	15
		kilo	8000
Cocaine	rarely pure	gm	150-200
		100 gm	10000
LSD	blotter	one	4-6

PORTUGAL

Mozambique pot	colas and banana buds	gm	2
		kilo	1250
Moroccan hash	double o' hash	gm	3
		kilo	1500
Bolivian & Brazilian coke	direct import, potent	gm	75-100
Methaqualone	buy from pharmacy	one	.60

PANAMA

Seeded red hair	seedy but primo	oz	150
		lb	1650-1750
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stingy & stoney	oz	160
		lb	1800
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz	60-66
		lb	660

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20
		oz	250
Nepalese hash	great hashes fingers only	gm	15-20
		oz	225-250
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	gm	10-15
		oz	175-200
Afghan hash	greenish black, funny	gm	10-15
		oz	175-200
Lebanese red hash	a choker	gm	10
		oz	175-200

STUDY PEGS U.S. POT CROP AT \$8.2 BILLION

by Bud Bogart

Ordinarily the annual NORML convention in Washington, D.C., is a sociable and lively affair, always fun but rarely enlightening. All the really crucial decisions are made in back rooms. But this year's affair was not only more fun than usual, but had some news to boot.

The major news concerning NORML itself was the abnegation of the title "director of NORML," held this past year by Jim Hall and for a decade before that by Keith Stroup.

The other news was a pleasantly surprising study done by a NORML fact-finding group that tallied up the domestic sinsemilla crop in the United States, state by state, and came up with the astounding figure of \$8.2 billion. Separate totals for 39 states are given, ranging from Alaska's \$50-million crop to California's \$1.5-billion crop—quickly disputed as too low by growers at the convention. Cops in Cal have likewise put the figure far above



NORML's, at \$3 to \$4 billion.

Even more interesting are the "general characteristics" listed next to each state, and how close these thumbnail sketches follow the grapevine patter of the pot culture. West Virginia, which copped the 1980 Connoisseur's Domestic Pot Award and has long been regarded a strong sinse-growing state in the annals of dope journalism, grows \$200 million worth of pot annually, states the report, and is "considered among the finest in domestic marijuana for quality, quietly becoming an economic necessity for the state." In

neighboring Kentucky, with \$200 million worth of sinse, "marijuana has replaced moonshine." Oklahoma is described as "the fourth largest growing state, with crop beginning to rival wheat," harvesting \$350 million annually.

Other state totals are Alabama, \$100 mil; Arizona, \$100 mil; Colorado, \$100 mil; Hawaii, \$750 mil ("state with second largest crop, legendary reputation for quality"); Indiana, \$200 mil; Kansas, \$200 mil; Louisiana, \$150 mil ("federal land provides good cover for farmers"); Nebraska, \$50 mil; New York, \$200 mil; Oregon, \$400 mil ("third behind California and Hawaii"); and Vermont, \$50 mil ("New England's finest").

These stats take on a special significance this month, ten years after the Shafer Commission Report on Marihuana Use in the U.S., which coined the term *decriminalization* and warned that unless pot was taken from its outlaw status it would soon become a multibillion-dollar business.

Shiver ye timbers: As if seagoing pot

Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$	gm	250-300
Thai sticks	great	one	25
Philippine pot	commercial grade	oz	50-75
Ups & downs	legal, kind of	100	5
Moonshine	homemade	pin	30

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins

Savannah, Ga.	Dixie sinse	oz	140
Akron, Ohio	coke, too gloomy	gm	110
Sonoma Co., Cal.	greenhouse	oz	180
	Afghani, community prices		
Pittsburgh	boot ludes, dreary	one	5
Amarillo, Tex.	sauce strawberries	oz	15
	Mex pot		
Burlington, Vt.	Colombian,	lb	440
	earthy, moist		
Washington, D.C.	Colombian, redbud	oz	85
Redwing, Minn.	Thai sticks,	lb	2000
	brittle bindles		
Omaha	pride of the	oz	140
	plains sinse		
Manhattan	Afghani-bred, Cal	oz	275
	greenhouse sinse	lb	3000

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	best year ever	oz	150-300
Commercial	trucker's special	oz	10-40
Mexican		lb	100-435
Top-grade	that's right,	lb	60-75
Mexican	Acapulco gold	oz	475-550
Mexican	and Oaxacan	oz	120-145
sinsemilla		lb	1200-1500
Jamaican	appears and	oz	35-45
	disappears	lb	375-450
Jamaican	crackjack	oz	70-100
sinsemilla	when around	lb	700-1000
Commercial	glut has	oz	30-40
Colombian	evaporated	lb	285-350
Connasaur	on the rebound	oz	45-55
Colombian		lb	475-600
Thai sticks	doggy	one	10-25
		oz	180-225
Loose Thai	back in earnest	oz	200-220
		lb	1950-2400
Hawaiian	fits and starts	oz	235-300
		lb	2700-3200
Moroccan hash	greenish black	oz	150-180
		lb	1800-2000
Citralli hash	absent of late	oz	175
		lb	1825-2200
Lebanese hash	some past	oz	100-130
	its prime	lb	900-1450
Black Afghani	with gold seal	oz	150-200
hash		lb	1700-2300
Nepalese fingers	dreamy and	oz	175-225
	aromatic	lb	1700-2500
Paki hash	bits and pieces	oz	185
		lb	1800-1900
Hash oil	Nep honey, teriff	gm	35-65
		oz	600-1000
Palloeybin	dried,	oz	100-150
mushrooms	encapsulated	lb	1650
Palloeybin	wet, harder to	oz	1250-25
mushrooms	eat		

Peyote	tough to come by right now	oz	35-60
LSD	caviar balls,	one	300-500
	target blotter	one	2-4
Cocaine	prices creeping up	gm	150-300
		oz	110-140
		lb	325-360
		oz	2200-2800
Methaqualone	home-brewed	oz	4-5
		lb	300-500
Crosses and black beads	erratic	100	25-200
Amphetamines	crystalline, potent	gm	125

Alaska

Commercial	dry & harsh	oz	50-65
Colombian		lb	550-650
Domestic	alarmingly	1/4 oz	50
sinsemilla	potent	oz	200
Mexican weed	most available	oz	50-65
		lb	500-600
Mainland	B-grade here;	oz	225-300
sinsemilla	A-1 there	lb	2000-2750
Thai sticks	lots of lumber	one	20
		lb	2400-2650
Lebanese hash	big mover	gm	10
		oz	130-200
Cocaine	rol of the dice	gm	100-175
		oz	2000-2800
LSD	G.I. fave	one	5
		oz	350-500
Methaqualone	bootlickers	one	5
		lb	350

Hawaii

Puna buds	victim of	oz	225-275
	inflation	lb	2200-2750
Kona gold	banana-size buds	oz	225-275
		lb	2000-2500
Mauna Loa	short supply	oz	250-300
		lb	2250-3000
Maui wowie	grower stash	oz	250-300
	grade, other	lb	2700-3200
	grades less		
LSD	fresh from the lab	one	2-4
Mushrooms	for cheap	one	free
Cocaine	not a big mover	gm	75-125
		oz	2050-3000
Amphetamines	speedy relief	one	2

WEST GERMANY

Moroccan hash	fresh	gm	7
		oz	95
		kg	4900
Leb hash	reds, golds	gm	4
		oz	60
LSD	50 mike blotter	one	5

HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

smugglers don't have enough to worry about with real-life smugglers and bandits, there's now a guy in Florida who claims an obscure law allowing the use of privateers to combat national foes could be construed to allow him to legally chase smugglers on the high seas with the approval of the U.S. government. Sounds like dangerous adventure. Only the rarest or stupidest of smugglers would fire on U.S. lawmen, and that's why those daily busts in the Caribbean look so easy. The Ouzi and Ingram machine guns that smugglers tote are reserved for bandits and used mercilessly. Privateers would no doubt be regarded as another species of bandit and treated accordingly. Media heat: More and more the Fourth Estate resembles the other estates it's supposed to watch over; as arrogant as the government, as self-righteous and hypocritical as the church, as unprincipled as the ruling class, as lumpen as the proletariat. But nowhere is the attitude of the press closer to that of a Dark Ages friar than when it comes to reporting stories on pot.

The most recent case involves a television station in Sonoma County, California, which won't be named owing to libel

laws and the difficulty of documenting these charges; but according to a number of growers in that region who claim to be eyewitnesses to the incident, a TV news report on sinse growing in that region was the basis for a series of busts. A reporter flew along with a man from the sheriff's department, according to the stories circulating, filming from the air pot patches the reporter had known were on the ground from his interviews with growers. Pointing out the plots to the sheriff's man, the reporter asked what was being done. The sheriff's man said they would be busted, and they were. The Romans were right: Hang the bearer of bad news. To print lies and raise hell: And while we're on the subject of journalism and California, a belated tip of the bong to *Joint Effort News*, the tabloid of the Marijuana Coalition, the guys who are working along with the American Hemp-Party Coalition and others on the 1982 marijuana referendum. Their newspaper, though it lifts liberally from other publications, notably this one, compiles a motley and intriguing selection of pot lore, legend and love stories into its eclectic 16-page format. Send a skin to 145-A Florida St. in San Fran, 94103, for a couple samples.

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1982

HIGH TIMES Desk REFERENCE

VALIUM

(diazepam)

aka: mother's helper, Val, little violet friend, fives, tens

CHARGES: Addictive, with ugly withdrawals. Combines dangerously with other downs, especially alcohol. Overprescribed to women to keep them in their place

NATURE AND USE: Diazepam was among the first drugs to be synthesized after biochemists determined, in the '50s, that nearly any chemical substance within a certain range of molecular weights was bound to have antidepressant effects in the brain. These are called the benzodiazepines. After chlordi-azepoxide (Librium) and diazepam (Valium) were synthesized, other techs came up with chlorazepate (Tranzenel), lorazepam, oxazepam and prazepam (Ativan, Serax and Centrax). All the benzodiazepines have virtually the same effects and side effects; the only material difference is in their molecular structures. Valium sells best simply because Hoffman-LaRoche has always run the best ad campaigns in doctor's magazines.

Valium is prescribed to people who suffer from depression and anxiety, generally. That accounts for some 33 million people in the USA right now, not counting another 33 million on other benzodiazepines. Some do it for weeks, some for months, some for years on end. Their prescribing physicians insist that it is very good for them, indeed.

There is no high in Valium by itself for people with endogenous physically based depression. Some people do it to intensify an alcohol binge, but they don't tend to do it often, if they don't pass out and choke to death on their own vomit, they surely notice that the "blackout" amnesia afterward lasts for a day or two, fuzzing in and out of reality.

People who do nonprescription Valiums are commonly self medicating depression and anxiety, without the annoyance and expense of visiting a doctor. Most of them are quite moderate, even scientific about it, maintaining a regular daily dose of 10 to 20 milligrams—one or two blue "tens" or two to four yellow "fives." If they allow the dose to nudge upward as tolerance sets in, the habit gets too expensive at street prices, and they go to a doctor because it's cheaper.

FIRST AID: If someone passes out on Valium and alcohol, they're in trouble. Valium depresses the gag reflex, and alcohol promotes vomiting. Unless such a person is gotten to a hospital, he or she is very likely to die by inhaling vomit—or worse yet, wind up on a respirator for life in a brain-death coma.

ECONOMICS: Street Valium sells for about \$1 per 10-mg violet tab, 50 cents per 5-mg yellow. This eternally confounds physicians and druggists, who peddle them legally at about 1 to 2 cents per tab. Valium's expensive mainly because very few people want any, but when they do, they want it fiercely enough to pay a dollar a tab.

Since demand is low but steady, "counterfeit" Valiums are unheard of. Nobody's going to set up a whole pill plant with counterfeit "LaRoche 10" dies to service the Valium market. Curiously, now and then a flood of bootleg "Quaaludes," containing nothing but diazepam in large doses, will appear on the streets, to the horror and disappointment of Quaalude devotees. Though these items sell for about \$3 to \$6 a pill, each pill may contain 70 to 90 mg diazepam—\$7 or \$9 worth of Valium. But disappointed 'tudes heads are generally glad to unload them on their Valium-using friends for 50 cents a pill. Devoted Valium heads, who can commonly measure a diazepam dose by its *taste*, thus save a bundle by nibbling from bootleg Lemon 714s.

ADDICTION LIABILITY: This is entirely up in the air. Valiums do induce tolerance. The depressed or anxious user's head clears up on 10 mg per day, but after a few weeks or months, depression or anxiety may return, requiring a stiffer dose. If a person's interior difficulties are tougher than diazepam, he or she can wind up doing a terrible lot of it—in which case a switchover to different tranks, tricyclic antidepressants generally, is obviously called for.

Most users, however—especially those who get Valium by prescription—just go on popping pills at a fairly moderate, steady rate, for years sometimes. But the pills don't get them high or make them perceptibly happy, so as time goes on, they often get discontented with their medication. People who attribute all their unhappinesses to Valium may be actually only complaining that this magic pill *didn't*, as advertised, clear up their lives in the long run like it cleared up their heads in the short run.

People who decide to "quit" Valium after long-term, regular use *will* experience considerable physical and emotional misery: classic "withdrawals," though nothing close to classic morphine withdrawals. Quitting Valium is not like quitting tobacco, and should be done only under a physician's supervision. Reports from people who supposedly experience eerie, persistent mental troubles long after they've discontinued Valium have to be taken with a grain of salt, maybe these people *should* be on some sort of head drug, after all.

ABUSE FOLIO by Mark Swain

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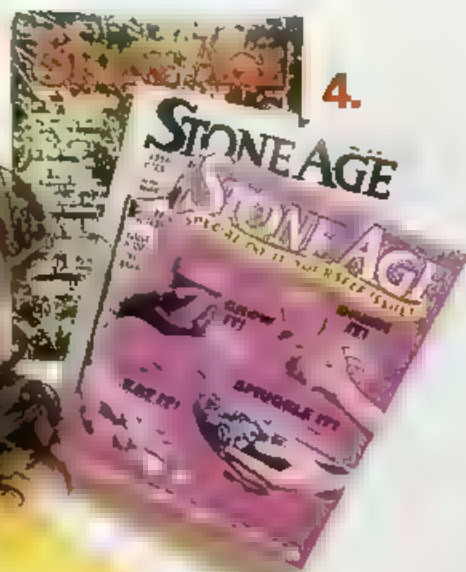
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Herbert Worthington

Interview:

Stevie Nicks

Fleetwood Mae's little girl lost
steps out on her own

"LOOK, ENOUGH WITH THESE HEAVY INTERVIEWS," THE GUYS UPSTAIRS TOLD US. "SZASZ, ANTON WILSON, LEARY, TURNER, BUKOWSKI. GIVE 'EM A BREAK, GIVE 'EM SOME GOS-SAMER. MIND CANDY. SET 'EM UP FOR THE HEAVY DEA INFORMANT RAP NEXT MONTH."

OKAY, WE SAY. WE THINK MUSIC. WE THINK LACE AND VASELINE-SOFT IMAGES. DOLL-HOUSES AND RAINY-DAY DREAMS. GOOD WITCHES. WE THINK STEVIE NICKS.

SO WE SENT LIZ DERRINGER, FIRST LADY OF ROCK JOURNALISM AND A SPECIALIST AT CORRALLING BIG NAMES FOR US (MICK JAGGER, JUNE '80; PAT BENATAR, JAN '82). SHE TRACKED STEVIE DOWN TO HER PENTHOUSE SUITE AT THE PLAZA HOTEL AND FOUND THE ETHEREAL SONGSTRESS JUST DYING TO TALK ABOUT HER SOLO CAREER AND HER NUMBER-ONE ALBUM, *BELLA DONNA*. THEY SIPPED COFFEE AND WINE AND SPOKE OF MANY THINGS: OF SHOES AND DISCS AND FLEETWOOD MACS AND CABBAGES AND KINGS.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

b y L i z D e r r i n g e r

**"YOU MAKE THE TIME FOR
FLEETWOOD MAC, YOU MAKE THE
TIME FOR THE INTERVIEWS, YOU
MAKE THE TIME TO GO TO THE
RECORD COMPANY, YOU MAKE THE
TIME TO GO STOP BY A RADIO STATION,
BUT YOU DON'T MAKE THE TIME
FOR YOUR BOYFRIEND."**

HIGH TIMES: What I've gotten out of your album so far is your special way of combining vulnerability with strength—qualities that are hard to put together.

NICKS: That's what "Bella Donna" is about I mean, the song "Bella Donna," which says "come in out of the darkness," was, as you said, what rock 'n' roll is. You live with somebody—well, it doesn't make for terrifically strong and independent women. It doesn't allow you to be that very much. I think the music industry is very male oriented. Although there are a lot of wonderful girl singers around, still I think it's their world. I fought through six years to make this LP. In Fleetwood Mac I could never have done it, cause going into them as a real young woman—I wasn't really young in years, but I was really young in what I was getting into, just being on one long six-year tour—if I had tried to do this LP with Fleetwood Mac, they would have done it. I wouldn't have. And I would've let them make me as dependent as I have always been on them, because that was the way it was from the beginning. They liked me to be dependent, because when somebody is dependent, they're under your thumb. And they knew that I had to go and do this by myself because I had to prove to myself that I could exist on my own.

HIGH TIMES: That's the process of growing up.

NICKS: And what are you gonna do without them if they're not there anymore some day? [Record producer] Jimmy [Iovine] expected a lot from me from the very beginning. Well, he did bring me back to some reality. My life had to change in order to do an LP with him, I had to change. I couldn't be Stevie Nicks with Fleetwood Mac. I had to be much stronger and much more in control of myself, because he would not waste his time working with an out-of-control, flaky girl singer with Fleetwood Mac. He had no reason to be in the studio with that person and it was made very clear to me from the very beginning that if I was gonna do this, I was no longer the coddled, depen-

dent baby of Fleetwood Mac

It was like he said, if you're gonna come into my studio and there's going to be ten of the best musicians in the world waiting for you, then you'd better damn well come in ready to work, and not two hours late and not fluffing in and expecting everyone to just forgive you, and too bad that you're late, and it cost eight million dollars because you didn't bother to show up, and they did two sessions and they made it over to the studio at seven o'clock.

And I just realized right away that I wanted more than anything in the world to put these songs down and play them for all those wonderful people who seemed, for whatever their reasons, to love my songs. And I love my songs. That's what I do—I write songs. I'm a tune writer. And I wanted this LP to be really wonderful. And without somebody like Jimmy, I could not have done it. Because I wouldn't have been disciplined enough.

HIGH TIMES: Did he put together the duets?

NICKS: He put it all together. But Don Henley [of the Eagles] and I did "The Highway Man" and "Leather and Lace" in 1975. Those duets were put together because they were done five years ago. And we have really wonderful demos of them.

HIGH TIMES: Didn't you write "Leather and Lace" for Waylon Jennings and [his wife] Jesse Colter?

NICKS: I wrote it for them and I wanted them to do it. Waylon Jennings asked me to write a song called "Leather and Lace." That's his title. So I did and I spent a lot of time on the psychology of the man and the woman in the music business both being stars in their own right and trying to live with each other and work and give Waylon a break and let him be a little weaker for a minute and let Jesse be a little stronger for a minute. This is a long time ago. This is what I was searching for even then. I mean, I was writing about Waylon Jennings and Jesse Colter, but I was writing about me and Lindsey [Buckingham, of Fleetwood Mac]. And I was, at that point, going out with Don

Henley and I was writing about Don and me. I was writing about the few couples that I knew and what they went through to try and work it out. And I guess Jesse and Waylon sort of broke up around then. And I felt in my heart that either I had to do this song with Don, or Waylon had to do it with Jesse, or Waylon and I had to do it. Those were the only three possibilities for that song to be done. It was the most disciplined song I had ever written and I had to finish it.

HIGH TIMES: With your success you must feel stronger now.

NICKS: See, that's so amazing to me because I—This is the first interview I've done as just Stevie. It's nerve-wracking for me too, because for the first time, I'm not forced to sit here and tell all the old stories. Even though I still tell them, and people want to know, for the first time, I'm free to talk about the particular songs that were—one-half of them were fully available to Fleetwood Mac. And for some reason, they weren't done. It was very lucky, because these are really the perfect songs for this LP. I think that's why this album seems to be very dear to people already, at least to my friends. They've lived it. This is my life. Every single thing that is written in this LP happened to me.

I'm not kidding. It's real serious. And I didn't have to beg to do these songs. In Fleetwood Mac I have to talk them into it. I get it as soon as I write the song. I know what it's going to be. If I don't, nobody ever hears it. I don't ever go with it to anyone. It was very important to me to let people know that this is something that I wanted to do for them, the public. I don't need to make any more money. I'm fine, I'm comfortable. I've got all my wonderful little stage clothes that I can wear forever and my boots, and I've got enough jewelry and I'm fine. I don't need to do this to make money. I need to do this to fulfill myself as a writer. I mean, it says, "come in out of the darkness." That's saying, save yourself and come back. And it's a serious thing. I had to do that to do the LP. I had to stop being crazy, or it wasn't to be done.

HIGH TIMES: But they'd still do it if you came two hours late.

NICKS: But it wouldn't have been the same. See, my reception from these men that played on my LP—they were only wonderful to me because I went in there strong. Otherwise they would've said, "This is some flaky chick from Fleetwood Mac which is what we don't need to work with." And you can't pay those guys enough to hang around.

HIGH TIMES: I don't relate to you being flaky.

NICKS: These guys, they'd really rather sit in a room with a bunch of guys and play. But because I made an incredible effort to be there for them when they needed me, to be there for them when they needed to talk to me, to try to understand, to try to explain. To explain to Waddy [Wachtel] that

"Bella Donna" was serious—I was not talking about a beautiful woman. I was talking about a beautiful woman becoming old and not beautiful. And skinny and too tired, the woman disappears.

HIGH TIMES: Is that what you consider some of the pitfalls that you said were written in "Bella Donna"?

NICKS: Oh, yeah. Absolutely. There's a decision you make at a certain point whether you can go right on staying up all night and being very spoiled and very into your own world. Because the world that you live in has really made you do that. It's very easy to become dependent in rock 'n' roll. My world was a phone call to tell me to get up, to get in the car, to get into the airplane, and a phone call to tell me that I had fifteen minutes before the concert.

HIGH TIMES: Isn't it easy to fall into that again?

NICKS: Very easy. But I won't 'cause I won't come out of it again.

HIGH TIMES: That's where age and experience help.

NICKS: Yeah, if I want to do this again, which I do, then I have to be strong enough to deal with my life in Fleetwood Mac and deal with my life alone. Because when I'm alone, I'm alone.

HIGH TIMES: You've said that in middle age, you'd like to be on top of a mountain with a piano and a typewriter.

NICKS: I would, I look forward to that. I love my performing and I'll do that for another five or six years, but there will be a point in my life when what I'll really want to do is go away and write. And I'll write about all of this. I've already written thousands of pages. The story's written already I'll want to add to it and I want to put it together and it'll be an incredible book. It'll be full of poetry and all of the songs that you've heard. All the real happy parts and all the sad parts. And the real difficult parts are in there. And that's what I want to do eventually. I'll want to go and really put that together. But now I'll work toward being able to tell as much of my personal life in my songs—that's as much as I have to give right now.

HIGH TIMES: Do you find it hard to maintain relationships in this business?

NICKS: I find it nearly impossible. Anyone that you meet is going to be in some way in the business. I don't meet people who aren't in the business. I don't go anywhere to meet them. What am I going to do, sit in a bar? And at some point or another, my job gets to them. It's easy to understand. "No, I can't have dinner, I have interviews." "But we were in New York all week and we didn't get to have dinner once." "I'm sorry, what do you want me to do, call everybody and cancel?"

It's incredible. That's why you wish for some time that you won't be so busy. You end up really hurting people because you get angry. You have fifteen things scheduled and you would love to sit here and watch a movie with someone, but you can't

"IT'S VERY EASY TO BECOME DEPENDENT IN ROCK 'N' ROLL. MY WORLD WAS A PHONE CALL TO TELL ME TO GET UP, TO GET IN THE CAR, TO GET INTO THE AIRPLANE, AND A PHONE CALL TO TELL ME THAT I HAD FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE THE CONCERT."

because you have to get ready. You have to do your hair and your makeup and take a shower and do all that, and that takes a long time. Then you have to get everything ready. And then when it's over, you are so tired. You have been under so much pressure because you have been talking all day. Or you've been traveling all day, you've been to the sound check, you're getting home and you thank God you have fifteen minutes to lay down on your bed before you have to start the whole thing over—the shower, the hair, do the makeup and get down there. So you're down there an hour before the concert so you don't feel like a jerk walking into the concert and you're not vibed out at all, you just feel like you dropped by.

So you've got to make time, and what happens is you make the time for rock 'n' roll. You make the time for Fleetwood Mac, you make the time for the interviews, you make the time to go to the record company, you make the time to go stop by a radio station, but you don't make the time for your boyfriend. And slowly that creeps into their head, that you are not making the time for them, but you make the time for everyone else. Because you can't say no to everyone else.

HIGH TIMES: What about someone like Don Henley, who knows that? He's in the same position.

NICKS: When I was going out with Don, it was five years ago and I was much less busy. Fleetwood Mac was much less popular, we were just beginning. When I was with Lindsey, we lived together and were famous. It was the opposite extreme. I'll never forget the day I was up at Don's house having dinner with him and his manager, Irving Azoff, who is now my manager five years later, and Glenn Frey of the Eagles walked in and looked at me and said, "Spoiled yet." Like no mention of Fleetwood Mac. I was not even in the league of a singer. I was nothing more than a girl. My claws went out and I wanted to get out of there

HIGH TIMES: I don't know him well, but that sounds typical of Glenn Frey.

NICKS: He's witchy! And I love Glenn, and that was a long time ago. That was my first taste of what it was like to be a happening girl rock 'n' roll singer. Going out with a very famous man rock 'n' roll singer and have people not relate to me like I even had a job. I went out with John David Souther for a while, who is very, very, very male chauvinistic and very sweet and cute and wonderful but very Texas, and I found when I was with him, I didn't mention Fleetwood Mac ever. It didn't help my status with the man to bring up anything I did, so I didn't. And then you start saying, "But I work too. I'm happening. I write songs, but you aren't giving me a break."

HIGH TIMES: I think that what keeps couples together is an understanding, you live your life and I live my life.

NICKS: That's all it is, if somebody just knows and understands. My mother said, "Stevie, you were born guilty. You never lied, you never did anything bad, and you always looked guilty. But you were willing to take on the guilt of everyone else immediately." And I am that way. If I ever think that someone thinks that I did anything wrong, it's a neon sign across my face that blinks guilty guilty guilty.

HIGH TIMES: You feel the weight of the world sitting on your shoulders.

NICKS: And you didn't even do anything, but you wake up sick to your stomach the next day, thinking that you did. For whatever reasons—which aren't important—my relationship with Paul [Fishkin, cofounder of Modern Records] stopped, he is the one man in my life that was truly good. Truly understood. I was in an emotional trauma all through that fifteen months. And he stood by and watched it, and was as much help as he could be. While the rest of the world questioned me constantly, including my very close friends. About everything.

HIGH TIMES: I guess being a superstar, people want to get involved in your life and tell you what to do. *continued on next page*

NICKS: They want you to be dependent. I always know what's right, and when I get pushed into something—which I do a lot—that I knew wasn't right from the beginning, I'm the hardest on myself and punish myself severely. I just lay in bed and think about it over and over until I can't think about it anymore. I start to go crazy. Just now, I'm calming down with this album because this was the freest thing I've ever done—though I had a disciplinarian behind me with a little stick going nananananana. And not being treated as a child—being treated as a grown-up.

HIGH TIMES: You become more together with age.

NICKS: I absolutely love being thirty-three years old. I think it's wonderful. You can see things clearer. You don't have to get so crazy. You start making your own decisions. You're a woman, not a child. You're grown up and have to fend for yourself. You're the only one who's here and no one is going to save you. And nobody can tell you that, because my mom has been telling me that for years. And I call her sometimes and she'll say to me, "I wish you'd let somebody take some of this pressure off your little bitty shoulders for a moment, Stevie." And that's what I did. I gave it to Jimmy. I said, "Here it is, here's the pressure, here's my weird life, here's how crazy it is. Now figure out how to make this album."

"I THINK THE MUSIC INDUSTRY IS VERY MALE ORIENTED. I FOUGHT THROUGH SIX YEARS TO MAKE THIS LP."

HIGH TIMES: Where does your fascination with witches come from? Did you dream about things like that when you were a little girl?

NICKS: I dreamed only about giving a little fairy tale to people. That's what the outfit is on my album cover, that's what that bird is. [Reaches for the album jacket] That bird belongs to my brother, that's the only reason I could work with a wild animal. That's Max on the front. With my clothes and the things that I wear, I have so much fun with

them. I was talking to a lady today and we were talking about dress-up and about how much fun dress-up used to be. And if there was a trunk in the attic, I was in it looking. And I would rather wear that drape than anything you could sell me from Bloomingdale's. I don't like all that stuff. I love the Muppets. Miss Piggy on the front of the TV Guide kills me with her portable TV, and Kermie in the back sitting, and with her little shoes. I just adore Miss Piggy to death. I collect marionettes and dolls so I have an incredible collection and I carry these things all over the world. They're so real. See, that's a fantasy. The Muppets are no different from my fantasy. My fantasy is giving a little bit of the fairy princess to all the people out there that maybe don't have the Hans Christian Andersen books, and the Grimm's fairy tales. If that's the only thing I can do for them, well, that's fine.

HIGH TIMES: I couldn't imagine you as a type that sits around and puts black spells on people.

NICKS: I don't do that. That's silly and stupid, and anyone that does that is making up their own character and has nothing to do with me. I love good witches. I like the good witch of the north, Glinda. Glinda is my friend, not the other one. And I don't want them around. My love of that fantasy fairy-tale thing is the good part, and I'm a coward and I get very scared. I don't go see any of those scary movies. I just watch old movies and good sad movies, but I don't want to be scared and frightened.

HIGH TIMES: Any particular movies you like?

NICKS: My favorite old movie is *Beauty and the Beast*, the 1946 one, and I love *Mary, Queen of Scots*. I love those kinds of movies. I can watch these movies over and over again. I love anything that is wonderful, and it can have some sadness. I don't mind that, but like evil, bad things, I don't like them in my life.

HIGH TIMES: Books, too? The same?

NICKS: I read a lot of Taylor Caldwell books. I get a lot of ideas for things that I'm writing. I just read anything that comes in my way that's interesting. I pick up bunches of little old poetry books. I love serenity since I don't have much of it in my life. The outfit I wear on the cover of *Bella Donna* is the same as the one I wore on *Rumors*, except it's opposite, it's white. It's a strange turn around that I've come from black to white.

HIGH TIMES: Who designed it? You?

NICKS: It was my idea, six years ago. Margi Kent designed it. She just keeps making it longer. She makes everything, and these are my boots that my little Jewish cobbler who's seventy years old makes. A five-foot-one-inch-tall person needs six inches. On-stage especially. Standing next to Mick Fleetwood is ridiculous. Anybody standing next to Mick is ridiculous, so imagine a five-footer. You blend into his drums, which he loves because then he's the star. So I say, "Wait a minute, Mick, I'm going to get tall."

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HIGH TIMES: You mention in "After the Glitter Fades" that the one-night stand is hard to take. What are you talking about?

NICKS: That was written in 1972 and Lindsey and I had never been on the road at all. We had certainly never had a one-night stand because we had been together and there were no one-night stands between Lindsey and me. That was a real premonition. I just had some idea about Fleetwood Mac. I wasn't talking about one-night stands with a man. I was talking about your one-night stands in a concert where you run in, played, and left.

HIGH TIMES: After a concert is over, do you feel sad?

NICKS: Yes. When you come back to your hotel, and you've been in front of fifteen thousand people... I would like to sit down in the audience and talk to them about what's happened. Bring like a podium up and ask questions and have everybody tell me what they think. It's very hard to just walk away from them. You certainly don't go to sleep; you can't. It's like falling in love with somebody and having yourself turn into a pumpkin and you're back mopping the floor. That's the hardest thing—all that energy around you and walking away from it. You have much less than they do because you come back to a motel, they go home. If I could go home after every concert and have my puppies and my cats and my friends, whoever, it wouldn't be so difficult. To go back by myself to a hotel room is a real downer.

HIGH TIMES: On *Bella Donna* you seem to be saying how strong and confident you can be. Do you think you are a dominating person?

NICKS: It's very easy for me to be dominated because I'm used to being part of a rock 'n' roll band that dominates your life.

HIGH TIMES: Is the Fleetwood Mac album finished?

NICKS: The tracks are done and we worked for five days last week on one of Chris's songs and it is fantastic, positive, wonderful.

HIGH TIMES: You must have a great relationship with Christine McVie. You dedicated "Think About It" to her.

NICKS: Yeah, when I really love something that she does, I really get in there and help her with it. She can do it alone, she really doesn't need anyone, but when she writes something that I really take to, then I go for it. I stay up all night with her and we work on it. I really work on it and I drag Lindsey and her in there and make them sing, because that's what they forget—they forget that there's three of us and how good we sing. I irritate them to death, it's like a little

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bug. I keep saying, "Lindsey, you and I should sing this part. It's important that we sing this part, it would sound terrific." And they eventually do it. Especially because I am not going to stand by and watch no singing go on this album.

HIGH TIMES: It sounds like there has been some dissatisfaction on your part in the past.

NICKS: That's because they're players, they get really wrapped up in the playing of it, and I don't get to play I don't have anything to do. I sit around and watch them play—it's boring. The thing I do real well is vocal production. I can really get them happening on singing, but if it wasn't for me, there wouldn't be nearly half the vocals.

HIGH TIMES: You did a duet with Kenny Loggins, "Whenever I Call You Friend."

NICKS: That was a discipline thing. I call him Slave-Driver Loggins. He cracked the whip on me for two days to get that particular performance. And I was downright angry at points where I was going, "I'm not going to do this." He said, "Yes, you are." He's a real good producer, Kenny, he got exactly what he wanted. When it was done and I left, I was knocked out. I really had to keep my mouth shut and do what I was told. And it worked. He wasn't interested in a dull vocal.

HIGH TIMES: How does he get the performance out of you? Does he have to create a mood?

**"THE ONLY
THING MY
DAD EVER
SAID TO
ME WAS,
'YOU BETTER
BE THE
VERY BEST.'"**

NICKS: Yeah, that's exactly what I do. I light a little incense Jimmy did it for me too. If I get mad enough, he'll say, "This is really uncool" over the talkback. We have the most hysterical video of him giving us a lecture telling us we were doing something wrong. We don't answer him, we just talk to each other. He says it's like tuning in on my mother's poker game. He walks out carrying my little bottle of brandy that I use when I sing, which he hates because he doesn't drink. I asked him for some and he's

swinging it at us as he's talking. He said, "Okay, you want a little drink?" He goes in to this incredible thing about us being magpies. And we're totally ignoring him. We would turn to each other and forget what he said completely. He'd say, "Wait one second everybody, stop talking and listen to me." Then someone would make some sly comment about little girls who have been caught doing something wrong, and then we'd get back on the track. That was basically what Kenny did too. He let me kind of tangent off to a point and then he'd say "That's it, now we have to start doing this for real."

HIGH TIMES: When you were sixteen and received your first guitar, were you into singing?

NICKS: I was into singing but not into being trained. I never studied music. I took a few guitar lessons.

HIGH TIMES: You never play guitar onstage?

NICKS: I'm not good enough. There's no reason. If I was terrific, then maybe they'd find a part for me, but I'm not, so it would be for the look of it, and I'd be too nervous. I'd be so nervous, it wouldn't look or sound good and then everybody would be mad at me, and Lindsey would be screaming at me that it was out of tune. And I don't need that for sure.

HIGH TIMES: How do you muster up the discipline it takes to do what you do?

NICKS: If I have any discipline at all, it's come slowly over the years. I was never trained. Nobody ever sat down and taught me how to play the guitar or write a song or play the piano. I love to do it to this day, it's the greatest love of my life. That doesn't take any discipline for me, that's what I like to do. Where other people would rather go out and party, I would rather stay at home with my grand piano and candles and incense and a glass of wine and an idea.

HIGH TIMES: Does that come from upbringing?

NICKS: I was always singing and they never told me not to sing. My granddad sang with me. We had a thing going always. By the time I got to be old enough for them to care I was so heavily into music that they gave up. I mean, they knew I was on my way to something. The only thing my dad ever said to me was—because my dad was very successful and very ambitious—he said, "If you're going to do this, you better be the very best." That was the only thing he ever said to me. "I don't want to see you being second." And that was a pretty heavy thing to say to me. When I write my different songs and take them home, I'll play them for him and he'll say, "Well, that comes a little closer to what your potential as a song writer is." And then he'll give me a big hug. My mother says he's very cool, he's like Jimmy. He strives to get the best out of me, and you don't get the best out of me by hugging and kissing me and telling me how wonderful I am. That doesn't work. The best thing to do is really be serious with me and I'll work hard. □

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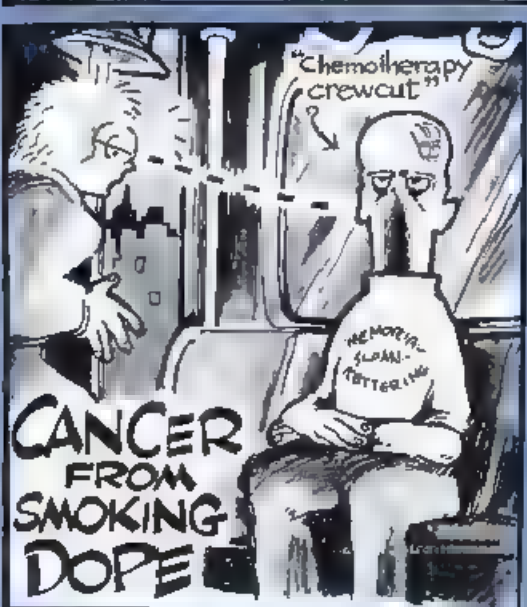
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Marijuana lowers testosterone in men, shrinking their testicles, growing feminine breasts on them, and generally annulling their sex drives. In women it deranges their menstrual periods and makes them frigid and infertile.

BRAIN DAMAGE:

Marijuana (or THC) particles in the brain snap dendrites, the nerve threads that connect nerve-cell nuclei; also it leaves deposits in the synapses, the gaps in nerve-cell nuclei across which nerve impulses leap, thus gumming up the whole brain.

They
say it'll make
your tits grow and
your balls shrivel to the size
of peas. They say it'll make your
woman barren. They say it'll turn
your brain to lard. We say
bullshit and we've
got the
facts.

Latimer

BIRTH DEFECTS:

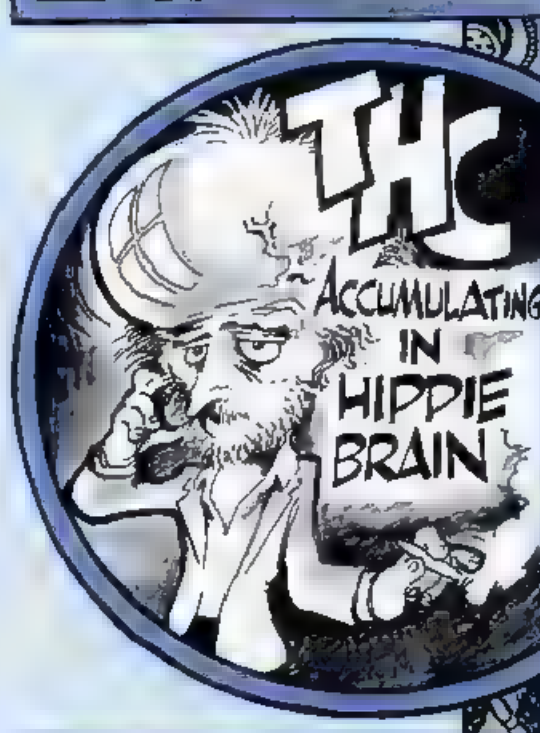
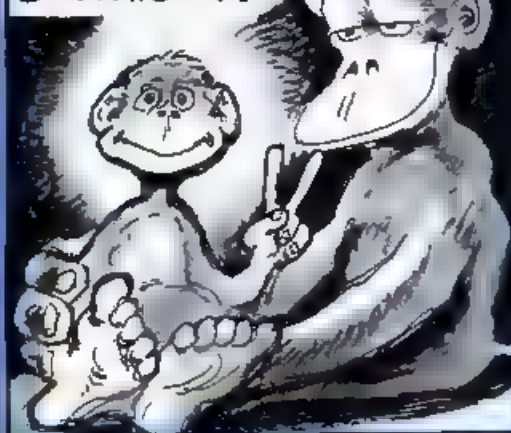
Women who do marijuana are twice (or four times) as likely as other women to have stillbirths, spontaneous abortions, or physically or mentally defective babies.

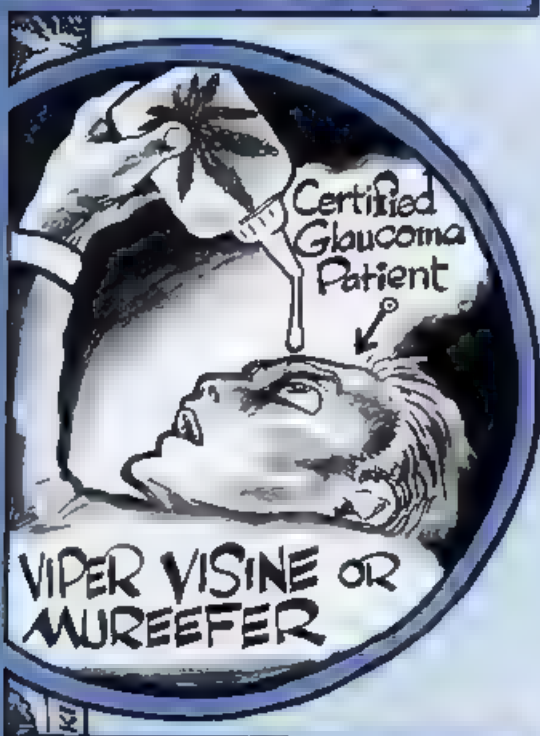
THE HEART AND THE EYES.

Who has not seen the Art Linkletter TV commercial for that anti-dope encyclopedia—*With Love from Dad*—in which Art soulfully urges grass smokers to learn the *truth* about this drug's effects on "the heart and the eyes"?

ADDICTION:

Regular smokers do so have withdrawals when they try to stop.

**BETTER MONKEYS
THRU
CHEMISTRY****MEN GROW TITTIES**



THOSE ARE the main libels against reefer being systematically purveyed these days by sources as diverse as tax-funded "substance abuse" agencies and the Church of Scientology, Inc. By now everyone has heard most or all of them. So let's go over them, one by one, and let out the gas and then we'll all feel better

FAT SOLUBILITY

When you smoke a joint, the THC in it goes to your brain, gets you high for a couple of hours, and then to the liver, the kidneys and intestines for elimination. If you smoke more often than around three times a week, nine-tenths of the THC is eliminated in urine and feces within three days after a single dose. A very small part of that THC dose—nanogram quantities, *billionths* of a gram—are transformed by liver enzymes into lipophilic ("fat soluble") particles that bind to fatty acids in the spleen and pancreas. They will stay bound to these fatty acids for a good deal longer, being slowly eliminated by a sort of time-capsule action into the kidneys and intestines; it may be a couple weeks before all the THC molecules from a single dose are eliminated.

These fatty-acid processes in the digestive system routinely bind up any number of other substances: certain vitamins, mainly, and PCP and DDT when necessary. The purpose of such fatty-acid binding is to neutralize and render inactive the particles thus bound. Therefore, these nanogram quantities of THC "metabolites" exert absolutely no effect on your body or mind while they're in your system—even if nanogram quantities of THC could have any effect on anyone anyway. And these fatty-acid processes are extremely capacious; there's no way you could ever smoke enough dope to outstrip your digestive fatty acids and possibly have "marijuana flashbacks" by way of unbound THC metabolites reaching your brain, hours or days after you've smoked.

The notion that THC particles pile up in the brain after smoking is pure medieval sympathetic magic; the brain is the fattiest organ in the body, but it's not the particular batch of fat to which THC metabolites bind after being processed by liver enzymes. See what fools these people take you for when they feed you this "fat

solubility" marijuana myth?

As for the alleged 30-day residence of marijuana (or THC) particles in your "body fat," that's another semi-mystical knee-slapper. In neophyte, first-time smokers, their digestive fatty acids unbind THC metabolites very slowly indeed; *half* the nanogram quantities may still be in the spleen and pancreas two weeks after a single dose. So sure, it may be a *month* before every single THC molecule leaves the body of a neophyte. Big deal. Regular smokers—more than three joints a week or so—process THC about twice as quickly, due to a metabolic readjustment to the drug. But nobody at all gets hurt by marijuana's "fat solubility."

CANCER

An ounce of raw marijuana, when smoked with no filter, yields about half again as many potential carcinogens as an ounce's worth of raw tobacco smoke. Certainly cannabis smoke contains 50 percent more carcinogenic benzopyrene than raw tobacco; but according to the techs at the University of California at Berkeley who determined all this in 1978, nearly all the benzopyrene in marijuana smoke is "biologically inactive"—burned off in the joint, that is. When you smoke a joint the size of a Lucky Strike, you take in a Lucky and a half's worth of potentially carcinogenic "tars."

So any joint-to-pack cancer equations you may hear are lies, plain and simple. And while it's true that many people do deep-lung marijuana smoke and hold it in to the point of hyperventilation, there are no solid estimations of how much more hazardous that may be than shallow tobacco smoking. Anyway, most folks *actually* only deep-lung the first couple hits, to hype up the onset of the THC high, and then inhale shallowly through the rest of the joint.

Most people who smoke grass, by UCLA statistics, average five joints a week. Most people only do it for week ends, at parties, or for movies. A significant cancer hazard, as it's used, the stuff is not. There *are* significant (non-cancer) respiratory hazards posed by grass, and they're especially hazardous for growing young people; and we outline these actual hazards at least once a year in *HIGH TIMES* by policy and there's no point to reiterating them here.

IMPOTENCE AND FRIGIDITY:

The Masters-Johnson Sex Research Institute in St. Louis, which midwifed the sexual revolution in the '60s, has been trying assiduously to make up for it ever since by trying to prove that marijuana kills the sex drive. At one point they actually locked up a dormful of young guys for *three months*, allowing them no pussy but all the pot they wanted. If the guys had been in a regular jail, their testosterone levels, after three months of pussylessness, would have been down considerably. After three chaste months on pot, though, these particular fellows showed *no statistically significant difference* in testosterone levels after their incarceration! Their hormone levels were a *little* down, thanks to 90 days and nights of no pussy, as was anticipated by the Masters-Johnson techs running the study; and those selfsame techs are the source of the mass-media rumor that pot kills the male sex drive.

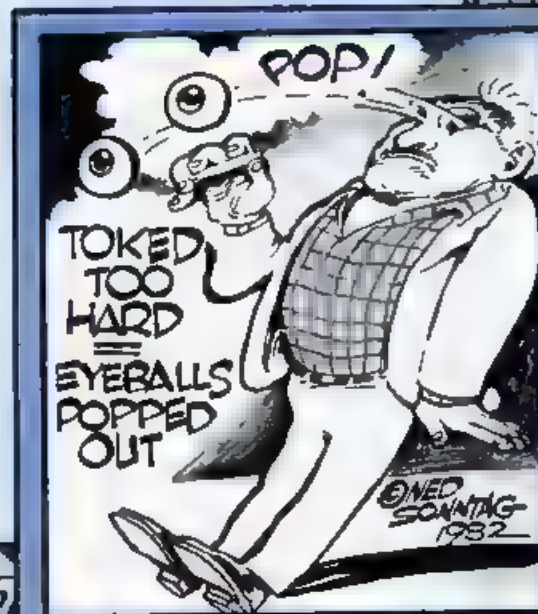
As for shrunken balls and enlarged tits, antidope lab techs have been torturing lab animals for years with enormous doses of pure synthetic THC, shot directly into the stomach, trying to inflict obscenities like this on them. But the thing is, look around you: How many guys you know who smoke dope have big tits or shrunken balls? These things have never been found to occur among pot-smoking males (except for two much-publicized British homosexuals in 1971, who may *incidentally* have been doing female hormone supplements), for all the effort and tax money that the likes of Masters-Johnson have thrown into the search.

As for women's menstrual systems, well, a couple years back, Masters-Johnson techs interviewed a few St. Louis pot-smoking women about their menstrual periods and compared the figures to a group of local nonsmoking women. This "experiment," though worthless to begin with for any scientific purpose at all, once again showed *no statistically significant difference* between the two groups in terms of menstruation or reproduction. Of course, some women in both groups had delayed periods occasionally, and some had periods in which no egg was produced. Happens to *all* women. So Masters-Johnson was necessarily able to tell the idiot media that pot-smoking women they'd studied had shown up

"defective menstrual cycles"—and they did indeed so hoodwink the moronic press that people believe that horseshit to this day. (But it gave Masters-Johnson such a black eye among professional endocrinologists that the Sex Research Institute somehow hasn't been particularly vocal about pot and sex lately.)

Now, undoubtedly marijuana affects sex hormones in *some* way, but we'll probably never know exactly how in our lifetimes. Recent Texas studies suggest that in "low" doses, pure synthetic delta-9 THC stimulates "active" sex hormones in lab animals, while in "high" doses it suppresses them. However, THC is not marijuana, and its effects are nothing like the natural herb cannabis, with its 70-odd active pharmacological ingredients *besides* delta-9 THC; many of these ingredients counteract THC's effects, so there's absolutely no scientific validity to any comparison of THC's isolated effects with marijuana's effects. Which is too bad. We *could* say here that grass, even in fairly stiff doses, has been proven by these San Antonio techs to be an honest-to-Dionysius *aphrodisiac*! But since they weren't using grass, or anything remotely resembling grass, we can't say that.

Almost *no* official medical research using real grass is being done anymore. When docs were working with the real stuff a decade ago, they turned up too many positive uses for parts of it: kills mild headache and toothache like aspirin, abolishes motion sickness like Dramamine, makes insomniacs drowsy, reduces fevers and congestion and a host of other indications for mild, common maladies. This stuff would sell great over a drugstore counter, alongside aspirin, Contac, Somnux, and so on. Might even knock some of these OTC nostrums completely *off* the counter. If it were legalized, anyone with a patent on it would make a fortune. But you can't patent weeds, alas, or any of their natural ingredients. So the major pharmaceutical firms, who dictate drug-research policy for the federal government, have decreed that all work on crude cannabis be suspended. They'll tolerate pure-THC work, because they're all working on developing synthetic, patentable forms of THC themselves. But raw-reefer work is a virtual no-no these days. continued



Which is sort of sad: Marijuana is such a complex and fascinating plant, we could certainly learn a lot about ourselves by investigating its manifold effects in the human body. Also, 20 million Americans smoke it regularly enough to *deserve* to learn what it does in our bodies. But as long as SmithKline French, Pfizer and so on dictate national drug policy, we will be kept as much in the dark on the subject of marijuana as possible. If you think Masters-Johnson appear to have weird antimarijuana superstitions, imagine how they fear and despise the stuff over at Eli Lilly, where they make Darvon. (Pure unpatentable CBD kills pain *much* better than Darvon, according to late-breaking Israeli research.)

BIRTH DEFECTS.

This was a pure-THC study on rhesus monkeys at University of California at Davis. A bunch of female monkeys were put on stiff daily doses of pure THC, fed to them at the same time every day, every day from mid-childhood through puberty and well beyond. It would be like dosing a seven-year-old girl every day with this weird drug, every week, every month, every year, to the age of 16. Then they mated the monkeys, and sure enough, they had twice as many stillbirths as nondrugged control animals. Thus gross fetal deficit is not exactly astonishing, when you consider how those monkeys had been treated at Davis from infancy; besides the daily synthetic THC, they'd partaken of sundry other drug experiments before they were mated.

Considering the drug involved was THC, not marijuana, you could have reasonably expected more dramatic results. Though Davis techs will insist that their dosages of THC were "equivalent to only three joints a day," presumably few of them have ever personally taken both drugs, for the sake of comparison. But I have spoken to people who've done both, in the way of legitimate medical research, and there's no possible comparison between THC and grass. Synthetic THC, for one thing, slows down respiration considerably more than cannabis, and this may well have been the factor behind the Davis stillbirths. Developing fetuses require *beaucoup* oxygen.

At least none of the monkey babies, alive or stillborn, was physically deformed. None of the survivors was retarded, either, or stunted, or showed any particular behavioral aberrations or learning disabilities as they developed. If you read the original Davis research closely, you note tantalizing statistical indications that the THC babies may have been a trace more alert and investigative in their environments, in fact—and notably less panicky than others at weaning. But since it wasn't real grass involved here, but synthetic THC in isolation, it would be wrong and very harmful to suggest that pot-smoking mothers may have brighter babies.

Antipot outfits are cashing in on America's much-heralded reversion to "traditional" values.

See, the other most significant cannabinoid in marijuana—cannabidiol, CBD—looks and acts in pure synthetic isolation very much like Dilantin (Parke-Davis, Inc.). Pure CBD studies from Brazil, in fact, have shown CBD to be as effective as Dilantin at forestalling epileptic seizures. But Dilantin is also notoriously toxic to developing fetuses, promoting outright physical deformations and imbecility: "fetal hydantoin syndrome." So pregnant women—as we have consistently asserted ourselves—would probably do well to avoid marijuana through term.

On the other hand, the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic in San Francisco has conducted its own systematic observations of marijuana mothers since its 1967 opening. If marijuana, even in high-dose chronic weed fiends, conduced to anything *nearly* so grotesque as a 50 percent higher rate of fetal mortality with smoking women, the Haight-Ashbury staff would long ago have seen that, reported it, and you'd have heard no end of it. The fact is they haven't, so it doesn't. People who tell you it does are lying to you, whether they know it's a lie or not.

BRAIN DAMAGE:

This brain-damage fantasy has been exploded so often, it's inconceivable how people keep on swallowing it every time some antidope lab tech comes up with a new twist. The latest involves a bunch of monkeys at Tulane University in New Orleans, who were force-fed varying doses of crude dope smoke through respirator gimmicks and had the experience garnished with occasional intravenous hits of pure synthetic delta-9 THC in isolation. Dr. Robert Heath of Tulane (retired now), who has a long and distinguished history of inflicting

brain damage on laboratory animals with dope, wrote the 1978 paper on this one for the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA), which funded the study and supplied the narcotics.

Heath force-huffed dope smoke into some monkeys, he writes, and shot up some with pure synthetic THC as well. If you want to figure out which got what, or exactly how much, just try figuring it out from Heath's paper; but you may have to mount an FOIA disclosure suit against NIDA just to get your hands on that paper, as Bob Randall of the American Alliance for Cannabis Therapeutics did. Randall, a recognized cannabis expert, couldn't make sense out of this one. Neither could I. Neither could Dr. Tod Mikuriya. NIDA spent a pile of your money on this exercise in the abuse of lab animals, and then sat unhappily on it for two years until some lawyers forced them to disclose it to the public.

And this Heath paper is the sole excrement of "disturbing new scientific evidence" that marijuana causes brain damage. After forcing all this weird dope into their monkeys, see, the Tulane techs then chopped up their brains (after "sacrificing" them with *phenobarbital ODe's*), and slipped their brain slices under the latest-model electron microscope. You really *should* read this paper: most of it is taken up with a very ode to that electron microscope. The techs appeared to be as profoundly enchanted with this fabulous space-age gimmick as the rest of us are with the shit they were looking for through it.

According to Heath, looking through this gimmick his flunkies discovered weird particles of something-or-other floating around in the molecular synapse gaps in the brain cells of his unfortunate "sacrificed" lab monkeys. It's not inconceivable. Strap a respirator mask onto a monkey's snout and huff sizable charges of smoke through it hours every day—that monkey's bound to collect a lot of carbon monoxide in its body tissues. In fact this never *fails* to happen when you jam gases into animals (or people) through respirator masks. No way around it. Before Heath's techs so confidently fingered grass or THC as the source of this mystery shit in their monkey-brain fragments, they *might* have checked to see if plain CO buildup might be responsible; or the overdose of phenobarbital; or if maybe that mystery shit isn't there *naturally*, some sort of body juice that hasn't just yet been identified by the latest high-tech scientific procedures. As Heath's description of the intricate bondage-and-restraint gear in which his monkeys were kept suggests, these animals went through an extraordinary lot of discomfort before they were finished off. God only knows (so far) what sort of unique central-nervous-system "stress adaptive" hormones they may have produced to try to cope with these atrocious

continued on page 74

GROW

H I M A L A Y A N

*These are the Himalayas.
Half the acreage here is a
Schedule One Controlled Substance under
the United Nations Single Treaty Convention.
What hath Shiva wrought?*



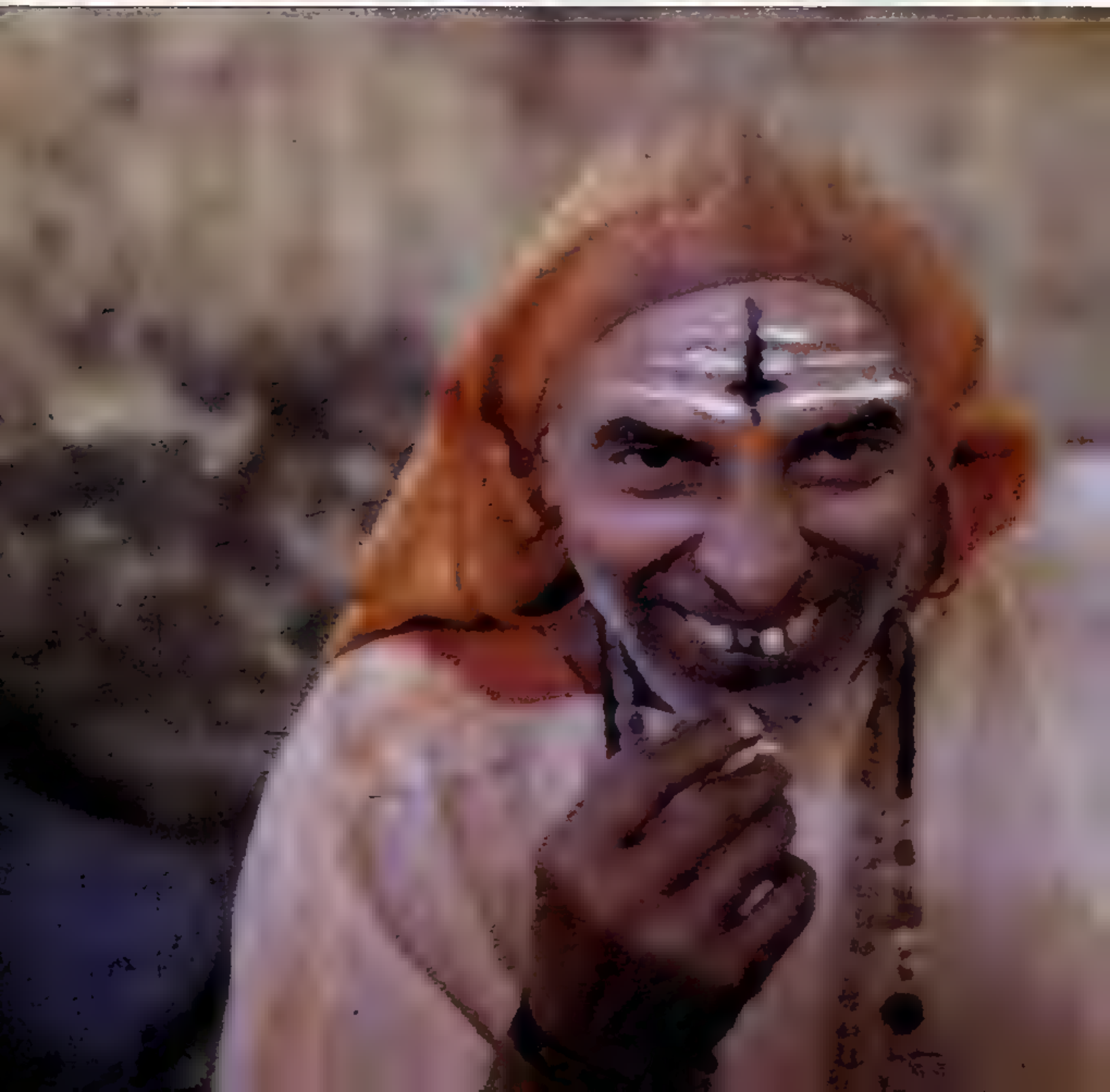


Onions grow in the ground, don't they, and we eat onions. Leeks grow out of the ground, so we eat leeks too. Charas grows out of the ground, so we rub it into a gooey mess and smoke it in chillums made from roots that grow back into the ground. And plain grass? Well, it makes a perfect filter for your chillum.



*How can you make a whole mountain
swale into an "illegal substance"? More
ridiculous yet, how do you pick and choose
from among all that lives there, calling this
thing "legal" and that thing not?*





Call it the wisdom of the Orient if you want to. Or call it wholly abandoned hashish fetishism. Either way, it's exactly what you'd be like if you'd grown up out of the ground here yourself. □



ICK AND MILES



— Duncan Hannah

M 'n' M

**ARONOWITZ HAD A
MISSION. HE'D HOOK
MICK JAGGER UP
WITH MILES DAVIS
AND THE SPARKS
WOULD IGNITE THE
'70s. NOW, IF HE
COULD ONLY GET
JAGGER OFF THE
GODDAMN PHONE.**

Mick iles

MICK AND I WERE GETTING HIGH. I'd brought the stash. I was always bringing the stash. I felt obligated. Either that or I didn't want to feel obligated. Big stars charged big rents for their time. I figured Mick wouldn't've kept inviting me except I was such an easy touch for stash. He couldn't've had it easier calling the corner liquor store. He didn't even have to say charge it.

"Did you ever meet Miles?" I asked.

"No," he said.

We were in his suite at the St. Regis, a hotel where the lights were too dim to see the elegance fading. Big ornate brass door handles. Brown state-ly couches grown matronly with bulges. Carpeted floors beginning to tilt. A tiny elevator lobby with long waits, Waspy faces and stuffed shirts. Old New York's aristocratic creaks. In the ancient days I'd go talk to famous artistic moviemakers like Otto Preminger or Billy Wilder at the St. Regis. Now rock stars were camping there. Mick's suite had exactly the same lay-out as the one John and Yoko had occupied for months, turning it into a film editing lab. Mick's bedroom had sliding glass doors that didn't meet. He kept dancing from room to room, looking at jewelry, sorting clothes, leafing through books, shuffling tape cartridges, punching buttons on his cassette deck. He was always fidgeting with something while we talked.

"Ya wanna meet him?"

Mick didn't answer. He was playing chess with the bottles on a room service tray so he could pour himself a glass of Perrier water. There'd be a risk for Mick to meet Miles. Mick had heard stories. Miles had a reputation as a mean motherfucker. Mr. Nasty. Catch him in a foul mood and he'd shut on you no matter who you were, or maybe because of it. The first time I'd met Miles, I was introduced to him by no less a legend than Billie Holiday, jazz's lady saint for junkies, and still he came on as charming as a piranha as cordial as a sandpaper massage. That was at Birdland at the turn of the '50s into the '60s, some months before Billie died. We went into the john and I asked Miles what he thought of the Beat Generation. "Just more synthetic white shit!" he growled, taking a piss. He'd just come offstage with his sax players, John Coltrane and Cannonball Adderly, who was taking a piss in the next stall, and he was playing Mr. Cool with me, a corny, fat newspaper reporter, as a sideshow for his sidemen. Except I later learned that Miles didn't need an audience to abuse you. Cutting you at

by Al Aronowitz

your jugular was his way of showing affection. In the men's room at Birdland he was treating me gently, with restraint. And I didn't hear the half of it. Miles had a permanent case of laryngitis. He couldn't rasp louder than a whisper. He sounded like static on the radio with a few croupy squeaks. That's why he'd never book himself onto talk shows. When I got to know him better, he told me his unstrung throat was a trumpet player's occupational hazard, like Louis Armstrong's. "I blew my voice out playing for the people," Miles said. He also hollered too loud at a club owner too soon after a polyps operation on his vocal chords. When you talked to Miles, you had to keep asking. "What'd you say? What'd you say?" Once I apologized for making him repeat everything and he answered: "Thass okay. If you didn' keep askin' what I said then I'd know you wasn't listenin'."

Mick kept ignoring my question.

"Leh's do some more o' tha', eh?" he said.

It wasn't only my stash we were doing, it was my twenty we were doing it with. Mick came over to the coffee table I was hunched at. I rolled up the twenty.

"How come ya don't like coke?"

"I li' cocaine. It's jus' tha' m'motor's aalways runnin' too fahst ennnyway. I don' nee' a lift. I jus' nee' t'geh euphoric."

"Well, I can getya some of that too, if you want it"

Mick stood up and took a loud snort of air. I followed him into the bedroom and sat down on the edge of the bed. I was getting cozy.

"So wouldya like to meet Miles?"

"Miles 'oo?"

A paranoid flash jelled in my back the way a cat's hairs get stood on end recoiling from a threat. Miles who? C'mon, Mick motherfucker, you knew who. Mick had his own style of nasty.

The name got out of my mouth through a wall of slightly clenched teeth. All these pop stars thought they were King Shit. Mick was standing with his profile to me as he stared straight ahead through the windshield of his thoughts.

"Oh, Miles Da'yyyyvis!" he said finally.

"No, I never meh 'im. There was this bloke 'oo said 'e was goin' t' bring me over t' this playce where Miles'd be one time, because 'e knew Miles, but 'e never did. Turned out maybe 'e didn't know Miles after aall."

"I'm gonna give Miles a call in a little while. I'm supposed to go up there. You wanna come along?"

Still Mick didn't answer. His mouth made an O. He walked over to the cassette and punched it on. The tape was a Stones track without the vocal on it yet. Mick danced into the sitting room, the backs of his hands against his hips. Miles'd loomed as a legend since Mick was a kid. But Mick'd always been disillusioned meeting his idols. Your mind dreams up gods and they turn out to be men. Like when he'd gone to get introduced to James Brown backstage at the

**"I LIKE COCAHNE,"
MICK SAID, "IT'S
JUS' THAT MY
MOTOR'S ALWAYS
RUNNIN' TOO FAHST
ENNYWAY. I DON'T
NEED A LIFT. I JUST
NEED TO GET
EUPHORIC."**

Apollo Theatre up on 125th Street in Harlem, another overrated romance of a place. That'd been back in the '60s when Mick still had some innocence left to lose. James had used the occasion to try to belittle Mick, to try to pry a bigger tribute than the simple homage of Mick's visit. James had wanted Mick to confess the Stones were just a limp ofay cop. That historic meeting had degenerated into a boasting match.

"We hotter, man."

"No you ain't, man!"

"We badder!"

"No you ain't!"

The telephone rang in the sitting room. The phones never stopped in Mick's suite. One in the sitting room and one in the bedroom, and he'd have somebody waiting on the one in the bedroom while he talked to somebody in the sitting room and vice versa. As soon as he'd put the receiver back in its cradle, it'd jump with the next call. The hotel operators were supposed to screen Mick's calls, but just to make sure nobody faked them out he'd answer sometimes in a funny cockney squeak as if he were the butler. "Aylo! 'Oo shall aye sigh's caaalling?... No such pehhsson 'ere!... No, no, 'e's nah 'ere!... Y've gah th' wrong room!" and he'd throw me a conspiratorial look that was as good as a wink, his thick rubbery lips stretching beyond belief into his famous horse grin, full of teeth and boyish mischief, like a kid thinking of going over to the hospital to pull out respirator plugs. You couldn't get through to Mick's suite unless you knew the password, the name he'd be registered under at the desk this particular trip. He'd check in letting only a couple of friends know but in a few days his phones would need a secretary. He'd have to shut off all calls when he wanted peace. For a while, he'd register under Michael Phillips, his real name. Nobody ever heard of Michael Phillips. Who'd even think to ask

for him under his real name? Then he branched out into crazier ones like Dr. Lorenz or Mr. Igor or a character from one of J. P. Donleavy's novels, *The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar*, for which Mick'd bought the movie option.

"Where are you?... I'm nah supposed t'be there for three weeks... Why'ncha stigh there and I'll catch up t'ya... But I'll be gone fr'm 'ere by then... You cahn' keep track o' me? I cahn' keep track o' you!... Whah'd y' 'ear?... 'Oo tol' y' tha'?... Well y'know y'cahn' buleeve ennnythin' 'e tells ya... Well I'm weird... I've always been weird... You knew tha'... Well I've gah a weird sex life... I'm tellin' y' I've gah a weird sex life..."

I knew Mick had a weird sex life. Everybody knew Mick had a weird sex life. Didn't Bianca know it? Mick seemed to be taking for granted I'd already met Bianca but I couldn't remember that I had. I'd seen Mick with so many different bitches through the years, each one a certified fox, a thoroughbred beauty, groupie royalty, usually models with cover-girl faces, high-fashion mannequin types splashing colors and hipness but spoiled by what their pussy power bought them, society snow queens melting with sex but still out of the frozen-bread department, snake-skunny twitches wired with upper-class airs and connections. Mick seemed to lean toward blondes, which Bianca wasn't. I could only remember seeing her in the newspapers and magazines, but she had more fire in her face than any of the other chicks I'd ever noticed with Mick. Could that've been Bianca with Mick the time I'd hung out with him in some New York tower suite the night before he was hopping a plane for London a few years back? Wasn't he running around with Marianne Faithfull then? No, that'd been even before Marianne Faithfull. My history was swimming in dope. That'd been back in the '60s during the crazed ego wars between the Stones, the Beatles and Bob Dylan, with me caught in the crossfire. In London, Dylan had shit on them all, kept them waiting, stood them up, put them down, kicked them out. He'd been savage claiming his crown of temperament, heavyweight champion of the trip they were on. To me, he wouldn't let up his smoldering scorn for Mick. He'd laugh at the way Mick would bury his vocals in the mix on the Stones' records. "I c'n never hear what he's singin'," Bob'd snicker. He knew I was seeing Mick. They all used me as a go-between in their head games and my own head was getting riddled. They were all playing mystic gunalungers in a B-western with a cosmic script and Dylan would keep trying to spook me into some kind of mental shootout with Mick.

"You ask 'im if he's psychically armed," Bob had demanded. "Go ahead! You ask 'im that! Ask 'im if he's got the ammunition! Ask 'im if he's psychically armed!"

continued on page 100



THE HIGH TIMES FORMULA

**We don't need no fuel injection, no
synthetic racer's edge. Just a
rabbit's foot and a head full of
Indianapolis thunder and we
always wind up in the winner's circle.**





Cooney

Below the Belt



Focus on Sports

Boxing's Boy Scout blows his image

Jose Torres is a New York City-based journalist and former light-heavyweight boxing champion of the world. Legs McNeil is the co-founder of *Punk* magazine and about the most all around degenerated specimen of 26-year-old manhood you'd ever care to see. We sent them out on assignment together with the idea that Torres would draw Gerry Cooney out with his insider's boxing savvy, allowing McNeil to then pummel him with questions pertaining to particular modes of degeneracy. But it turned out that Cooney knew nothing about David Rockefeller's sleeping with President Kennedy's brain under his pillow, nor did he wish to speculate on why some men whisper, "Mommy, mommy," just moments prior to ejaculation. He did, though, speak intelligently and with feeling on a number of subjects a bit more mundane, and so we were pleased. We hope you are too.

HIGH TIMES: When and where did you begin your training as a boxer?

COONEY: I started boxing when I was fifteen years old, and I trained at the YMCA in Huntington, Long Island. There was no ring. We used to box on mats on the floor, they had a heavy bag but I don't even think they had a speed bag. The guy working there was no good as a teacher. He couldn't teach you anything. He just used to tell you, "Fuck him and his mother," and then he'd push you out.

HIGH TIMES: Sounds like he was trying to pump you up, which I guess is something fighters need.

COONEY: Some fighters need to be riled up, some don't. You have to judge it, sometimes you have to get a guy crazy.

HIGH TIMES: How about fear? Have you ever been frightened before a fight, and if so, what kinds of things do you do to keep it from getting out of hand?

COONEY: I'll tell you this—when I'm training, all through my career, there's always been some things I do before a fight and some things I don't. I always cut my nails, a couple of days before, things like that, sort of superstitions. I think even if you do train

good for a fight and you do everything right, there is still always going to be fear, no matter what. If you don't have any fear you're a little nuts. But I wouldn't say it's fear so much as nerves—nervous, what's going to happen? What are you going to look like? Are you going to do bad? Once I got laid before a fight and man, that plays your mind. [Whistles.] The only things I feel nervous about are losing and looking bad, but that all goes away once the bell rings and the first punch is thrown. Anyway, I feel pretty confident with Victor [Victor Velez, Cooney's trainer] and what he's teaching me, and that makes the whole thing less fearful.

HIGH TIMES: What about anger inside the ring? How do you keep that from getting out of hand as well? Let's say some guy really lands one, and shut, it hurts you. How do you keep from losing your pose and mauling the guy?

COONEY: I've experienced that in the gym, not in a fight. I've gotten hit with some good shots in the gym and said, "Whom, what's going on here?" I never told anyone that. If I'm in the gym and a guy hits me with a good shot, I don't get mad but I say, "You motherfucker, I'm going to get you back."

Yesterday in the gym I did a stupid thing. A guy hit me in the nose; I was careless; I was playing around and I got pissed off. That's when you get hit the most—when you're playing around. But Victor told me not to get mad so I don't get mad. I'm going to control my emotions and hit you harder. I'm going to get you back.

HIGH TIMES: Were you more scared on your first amateur fight than when you get into the ring now?

COONEY: Oh, gosh, yes. The more experience you get, the more you learn how to get away from taking a punch, from not getting hit, the more comfortable you feel and you're not so nervous. I remember my first fight, for three days I felt like pissing in my pants.

HIGH TIMES: How do you feel about being labeled as the new "Great White Hope"?

COONEY: I feel it's kind of silly. I think that people should base someone's talent not on color but on ability. I know that over the years there hasn't been a white fighter so a lot of people are skeptical, but it's just something I'm going to have to live with.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think of Holmes making an issue out of the race thing?

by Jose Torres & Legs McNeil

COONEY: I'm not going to bring myself down to his level anymore. Race shouldn't have anything to do with it, but I know all the promoters are going to hit on it, to capitalize.

HIGH TIMES: After Holmes's fight with Spinks, you were being interviewed by Cosell at ringside. Holmes came over yelling and trying to hit you, and wound up punching Cosell in the mouth. What was he so pissed about?

COONEY: He's an asshole, excuse my language. He was cursing about how he's a nigger and how blacks can't get commercials, and blacks can't do this. Well, what about Reggie Jackson and all the rest? It's not your color, it's your personality. I don't have any respect for him at all.

HIGH TIMES: That Holmes genuinely does not like you is obviously not just some pre-fight hype. Why do you think he's got such an attitude towards you personally?

COONEY: Because I've been getting a lot of attention—not that I want it, it's not such a big deal to me—and he doesn't get anything. A guy from the *Daily News* was telling me after he talked to him, [Holmes] was saying, "Listen I'm the heavyweight champion of the world, and I was never on the cover of *Sports Illustrated*." And I was, you know, so it's the little things like that, I guess. I think being in the shadow of Muhammad Ali made him bitter. I guess a lot of things made him bitter but I think he's not intelligent enough to just let it pass. When I first started fighting, things used to make me bitter; people telling me I couldn't fight and that I couldn't do this or that, but you just reach a point. You just got to let it slip by. But he doesn't let it slip by, that's why he's so bitter. You know, if you're into fighting and you get mad, that's not good.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think Holmes is using this race issue to sell tickets?

COONEY: No. I think Don King pumps things into his head, being that he's not so smart, and it builds up. I know that Don King doesn't care about Larry Holmes; he's just another fighter. Don King is very street wise; he knows how to talk. Larry Holmes is kind of dopey.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think you've become harder and more skeptical of people being in the fight game?

COONEY: Without a doubt. There's not many people you

can trust. I'm lucky I'm smart enough to see the good from the bad, for the most part, but I don't trust people anymore. Most people that call me want something from me. You know how it is; they're all coming around now and want me to be somewhere so they can advertise it and bring people in. They use me so I can stand around like a jerk and sign autographs.

HIGH TIMES: What would you do if you beat Holmes?

COONEY: Oh gosh, I don't know. I've thought about quitting fighting a lot. I always ask my manager: When will I be a millionaire? But I don't think I could quit just like that because I still love it. I still enjoy the feeling when you get in there and win a fight, the feeling you have... Wow. So, it's hard to say. I think I'm going to take care of my family, open a couple of businesses to be secure financially, and then if I

He [Holmes] is an asshole. He was cursing about how he's a nigger and how blacks can't get commercials... I don't have any respect for him at all.



Focus on Sports

wanted to fight twice a year...

HIGH TIMES: For how long?

COONEY: For as long as it was good to me. As long as I could win.

HIGH TIMES: So it's more the glory and the honor than the money?

COONEY: Yeah. It's great, it's great. The greatest feeling for me in my last fight was the ten minutes after the fight. You can't get that feeling anywhere. I love it.

HIGH TIMES: At what point did you realize that you could be the heavyweight champion of the world?

COONEY: I never really thought about it.

HIGH TIMES: There was never a moment?

COONEY: It was always nice to think: Shit man! I'll be

world champion. That's a great feeling, but I never wanted to think about that too much because if it happens, it happens, and if it doesn't, it doesn't.

HIGH TIMES: But now it looks like you have a very real chance for the title. You're very close to it.

COONEY: I'll tell you, that's kind of scary too. I mean, it's the thing I've been sweating my ass off for five years and it's scary. It puts more pressure on you.

HIGH TIMES: Gerry, you're a man who's never lost a fight in his life; have you ever stepped into the ring thinking, "Shit, tonight I feel I'm gonna get beat"? Do you ever think about losing at all?

COONEY: I'll tell you something. I was fighting Eddie Lopez in Miami and I thought I was going to lose the fight—it was one of the easiest fights I ever had. It passes through your mind a little, losing. What's it going

to be like if you lose? All of this won't be here. You guys won't have to write about me, you know. They won't be calling me to go down to make five thousand dollars to sign autographs for two hours. They won't be calling me. I'll be alone. Before this happened, it was what I wanted. Now that it's here, I wish it wasn't here and when it's all over, I'll probably wish it was back. That's life, that's how it goes.

HIGH TIMES: Do you have any ailments that you always come down with before a fight? I remember when I was fighting I always, always came down with a cold—it was a psychosomatic condition.

COONEY: It's a bitch, isn't it? My trainer says the only

time he gets worried is when there's nothing wrong with me.

HIGH TIMES: What about your life outside the ring?

COONEY: I had a rough life. See, my father wanted me to be better than he was, so instead of going out with my friends, I used to have to stay home and fix the plumbing, fix the shingles, plant the garden. I didn't understand when I was little, but when I got older I understood. My father was very strict with us, so my mother was the opposite; she tried to even it out. My family comes to see all my fights; we're very close. My grandmother, who just died, used to know more about boxing than I did. Everybody loved her, she lived at my mother's house.

HIGH TIMES: When did your father pass away?

COONEY: In 1976. I was supposed to go to the finals of the Olympic trials, and I turned it down. My father died two days later. He had cancer. He was 220 pounds; when he died he was 90 pounds.

HIGH TIMES: Did that mess you up?

COONEY: Oh, without a doubt. I quit fighting for about eight months. It's a sad thing. You live to die: that's crazy. My father was in steel construction at Local 40 in New York. He was born in Newfoundland and came over to work when he was thirteen years old. My father taught me to fight with both hands, to be ambidextrous, to work with my right hand and work with my left.

HIGH TIMES: Let's talk about women. Champs and contenders never seem to have any trouble getting girls. What's your situation vis-a-vis the opposite sex?

COONEY: I lived with a girl for four and a half years and it was off and on all the time. I loved her and she loved me, but sometimes two people in love just can't be together. We used to fight a lot, and I would leave but I'd always come back. Then it would be good for three or four days, or a week. I left her after my fight with Jimmy Young and I came into the city to relax for a week and had a good time. Then I went to the Virgin Islands and when I came back she was leaving me. It was kind of scary. I said to myself, "I won't call her for two weeks." After two weeks I was over it. I was happy that it was over. I could never go back with

*When the
bell rings,
it's my heiny in
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around with
anything. I don't
drink, I
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with women...*

her. I had a friend of mine whose wife left him after ten years of marriage and he just didn't get over it. I couldn't believe it; he was thirty-two and I was twenty-four and I was over it in two weeks and he was still dying. I felt so bad for him.

HIGH TIMES: You've also gotten quite a reputation as a practical joker; you're always stealing your friends' clothes and pushing your trainer in the pool.

COONEY: I have a little bit of fun. Some women like bondage. [Laughs.] It sounds a little crazy but they like to be tied up—

HIGH TIMES: Like slaves—

COONEY: It's crazy, but it makes it more exciting for me because when you have someone tied up you can do anything you want. So maybe I'm a freak, I don't know.

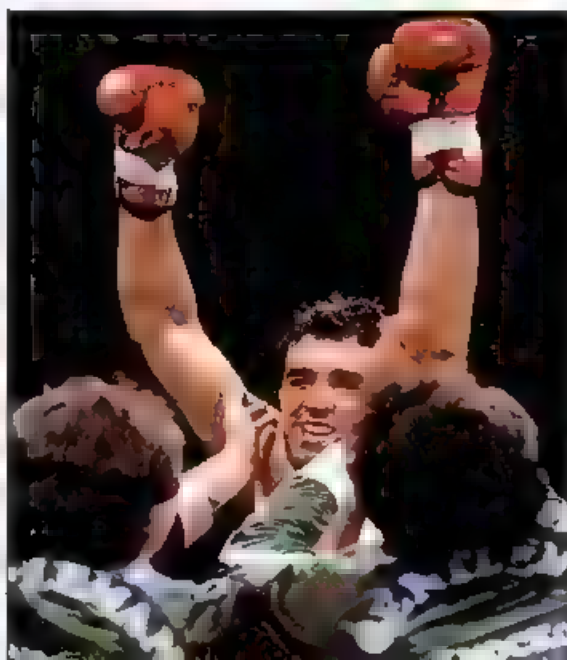
HIGH TIMES: Gerry, did you know that I was one of the first boxers to openly admit that I slept with my wife while in training

fuck around a lot. How do you feel about sex and boxing?

COONEY: I tell you something. When the bell rings, it's my heiny in there, so I don't mess around with anything. I don't drink, I don't sleep with women—this fight will be five and a half weeks. You, Jose, had five days; I have five and a half weeks, so when my fight is over, I stay in bed for around two weeks. I think that it strengthens your mind not to have sex, it makes you a stronger individual. One time, it was about five weeks before a fight and it was a week since I hadn't slept with any women. I said, "Oh man, I wish I had a woman. I wish I could sleep with a woman," and this guy says to me, "There's only four weeks left." And when he said that, from that time on it didn't bother me anymore. If you're thinking about it all the time then it's going to bother you, but once you're training for a fight, you think about the fight more so than women, so women just come out of your mind. It does seem to me, though, that all women are attracted to boxers.

HIGH TIMES: Exactly, so when you're not doing your St. Francis of Assisi schtick, how do you like to party?

COONEY: I don't talk about things like that because I wouldn't want some little kids reading about me getting drunk and doing this and that. For instance, when this interview comes out and a ten-year-old kid says, "There's Gerry Cooney, let me read about him," and I'm talking about sex—shit, that's why the world is getting so fucked up, excuse my language. □



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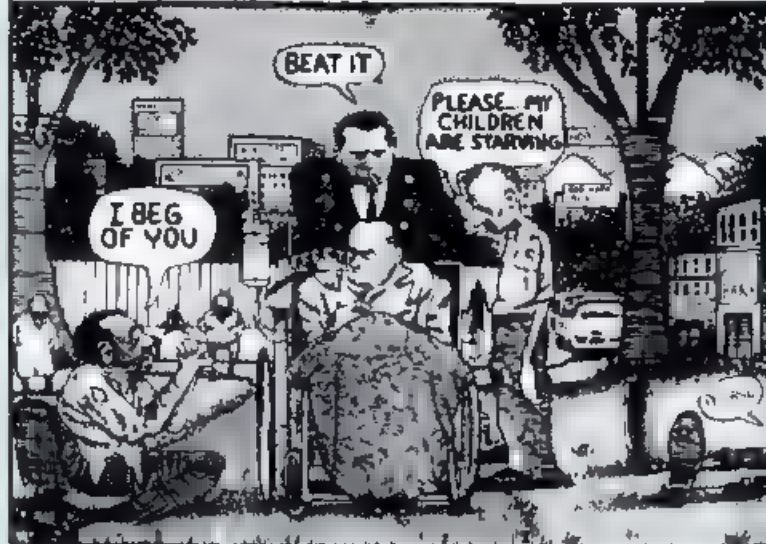
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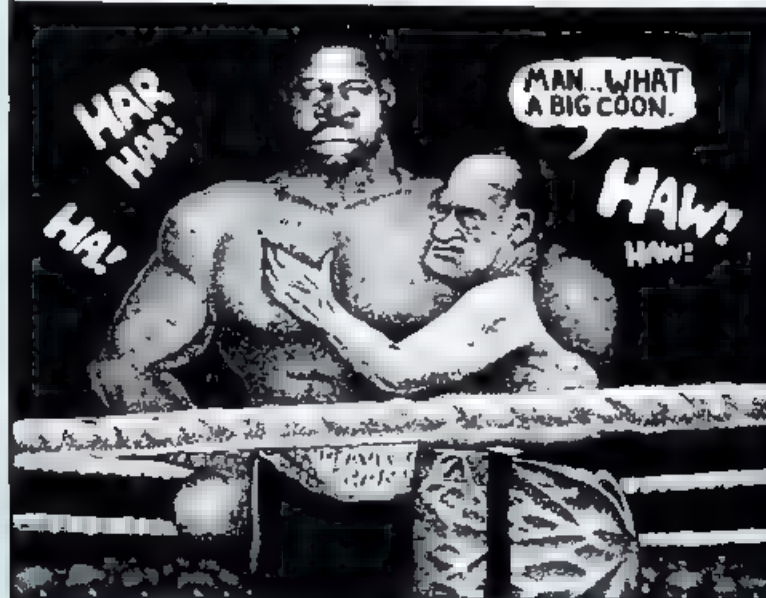


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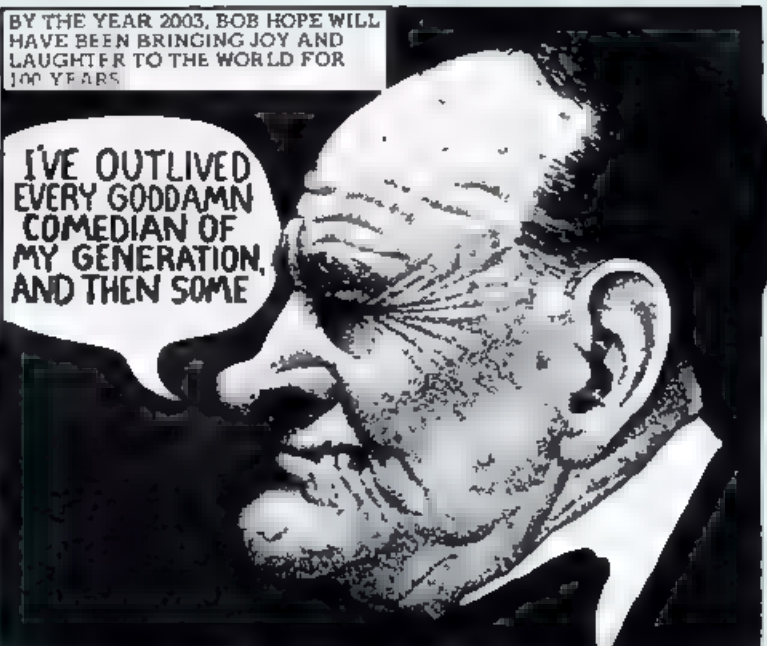


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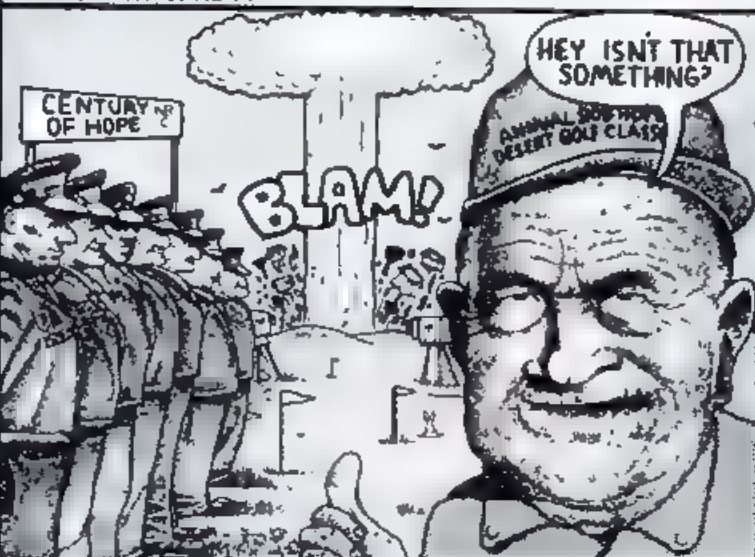


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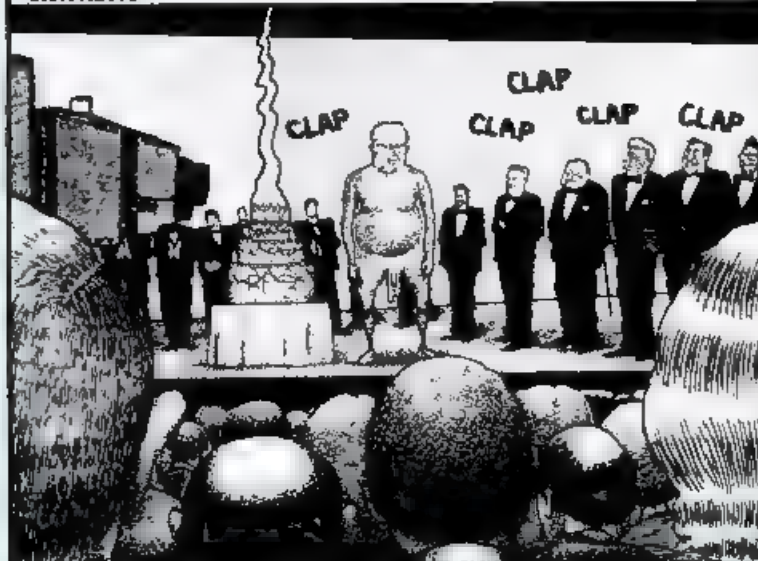


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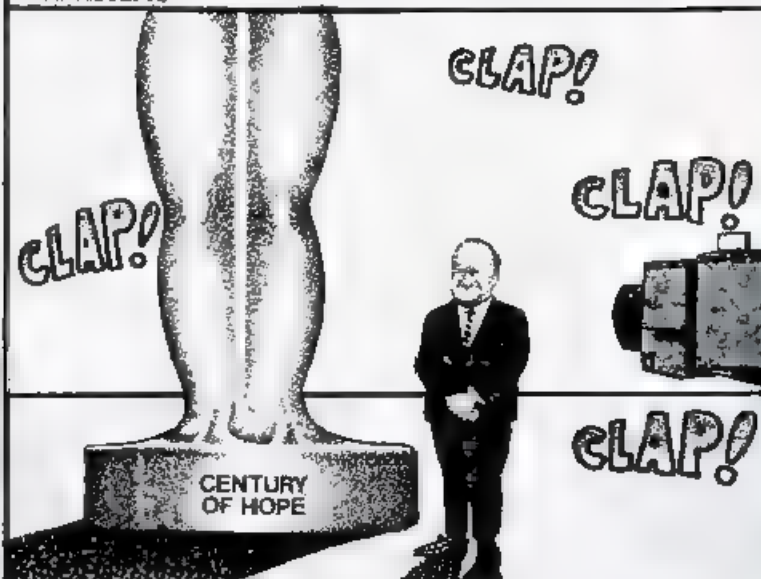
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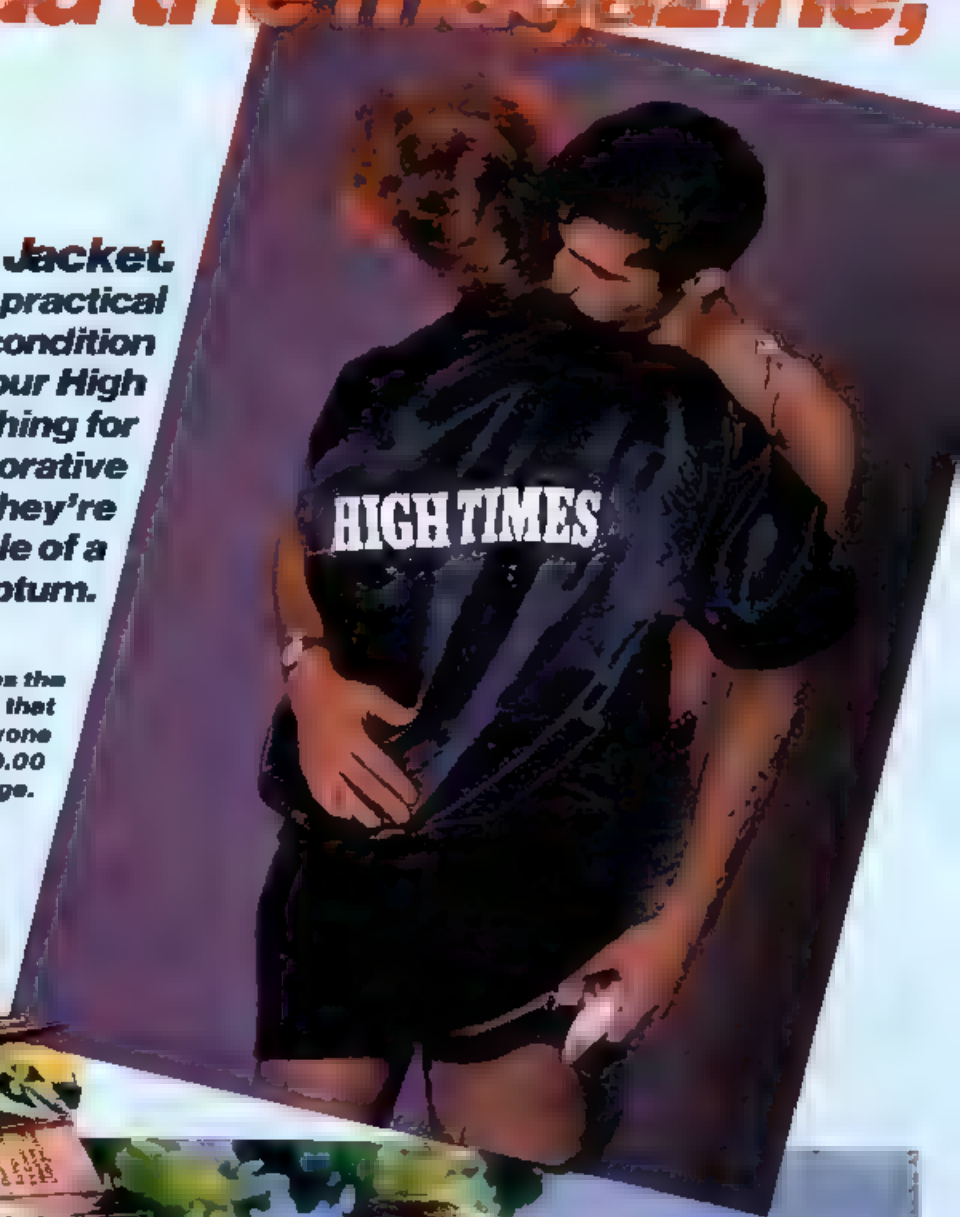
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J. A. Coke Whore

By Victor Bockris

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Presuming I could get it up, I would fuck any girl for a gram of decent cocaine. Frankly, I would be honored to be called a whore. Nobody has ever paid me to fuck them and I doubt they ever will, but if they did it would definitely make me feel great. Actually, I did fuck my female coke dealer a few times, but I never thought of it as whoring. I would simply end up sitting around her apartment at 6 A.M. on a Saturday morning after a night of snorting lines every 15 minutes. She'd drop a 'lude in my lap, and it suddenly seemed stupid to bother going home when I could crawl into her nice warm girl bed. As a result, she did give me a lot of free coke and bargain basement prices on the good stuff she was selling at \$125 a gram, but did I think of myself as a whore? Never, I assure you. Why, I consider myself to be a model of gentlemanly comportment, I... I... I can assure you this was a natural development of our enjoyment of each other's company. Obviously our sense of enjoyment was heightened by the consumption of the cocaine, but then every friendship operates around the enjoyment of something. If a Frenchman takes his mistress out to lunch on Saturdays and fucks her in her beautiful apartment overlooking the Bois de Boulogne afterwards, do we call her a lunch whore, bearing in mind that lunch in Paris costs more than cocaine in New York? However, looking back on the relationship, I see where I could have become a whore, which leads to our basic question: What is a coke whore?

One becomes a whore at the point one cold-bloodedly decides to go to the dealer's apartment and fuck them specifically in order to get coke without paying money for it because one hasn't got any. I would never do this. Never! Another lie: If my phone rang now and it was Sheila inviting me over, I would tell her I needed something in order to get this piece written but was broke at the moment and... she could take it from there. I would be silly putty in her hands. Do I cringe with shame as I write these terrible words? No, I feel a slight tumescence, I smile with genetic glee. My God! I see now that I could become the biggest whore of them all, a whore, in fact, as big as the Ritz. Allow me, then, to explain how I sank to my current base stature.

I became a coke whore because I fell in love with a girl who was one and we always learn from the ones we love. What a good

excuse! But seriously, dig this for an illustration of the double standard: One night I invited Mary to my apartment for dinner. At the same time my coke dealer was there. Sharp little Mary immediately sussed out how generous and stupid Roland was as he ladled out some big fat lines with the coffee, and I didn't see her for a couple of weeks. It turned out she'd started hanging out at his apartment fucking Roland's roommate. After a while she started fucking Roland. This was a big drag for me because it meant I had to find a new coke dealer and a new girl friend. Instead I took a vacation to Peru. On my return I visited Mary and was flabbergasted to find her ratty apartment completely renovated, at a cost of at least \$5,000, and her drawers overflowing with cocaine. She also had an ounce of opium wrapped up in her underwear. We spent a couple of hours chatting over old times, during which she carefully informed me that she had only had to fuck Roland four times, which I agreed was quite an achievement considering the amount of loot she had managed to acquire in exchange. "Well, I'm a girl and I'm willing to do what I have to to get what I need," she told me, coyly hoisting a green knee to reveal the crevice in her stained white cotton underpants. I hope you'll understand that I definitively branded her a coke whore, and left her renovated quarters in disgust. I refuse to sit, I told myself priggishly, *on a toilet seat earned by my girl friend's cunt.*

In retrospect I can see what a stupid shit I was. First of all, Mary wasn't whoring for the coke. Much higher aims floated in the deep soulful pools of her beautiful eyes. The reason men are under the illusion that girls fuck for coke is that coke gives girls the energy to be confident, ebullient and spontaneous. It puts them in touch with the selves they want to be and helps them overcome their inhibitions. It gives them the capability to be what they want and get what they want. When a girl fucks a guy who has a lot of coke, she is fucking him for power, money, prestige, and the accoutrements of his lifestyle, not his powder. To blame girls for "whoring for cocaine" is to blame girls for enjoying themselves. It's an extension of our Victorian morals which damn girls for ripping their socks off and jumping up and down on the bed. The reason so many American girls don't come [are they supposed to?] is that they're embarrassed that you'll be disappointed in them for revealing their enjoyment. In my opinion calling girls coke whores is tantamount to saying all girls who take drugs should be executed.

Secondly, cocaine is a ridiculous drug for a boy to use on a girl to try to get her to go to bed. Girls on cocaine are much cleverer than boys who supply it when it comes to eluding that possibility. Don't forget they were trained not to, so they have a lot of ex-

perience getting out of it. Trying to get a girl to go to bed by shoving coke up her nose is about as effective as trying to eat gravy with a fork. Coke makes girls want to go out and dance. It makes them want to tell you their

Presuming I could get it up, I would fuck any girl for a gram of decent cocaine.

whole whoring life stories. It makes them want to call the president at 3 A.M. to complain how bad they feel. And by the time they do fall into bed at 7 A.M., you can't get it up, sucker, because you drank too much and took too much cocaine. So now you're lying next to her blitzed, out of your mind, limp-dicked, and unable to move. AAAAA-AAAAHHHHH. DEFEND YOURSELF YOU SHELL-SHOCKED IDIOT! YOU BOZO. YOU SCAB! YOU WHORE!

American men are more threatened by the whorish nature of their women than any other men because they only pretend to control them. This pretense ultimately fucks them over. By attempting to hold on to the chucks by holding onto the money, they force them to fuck for it, then tell them they're whores. *Whore* is rapidly becoming a meaningless word. All American women are whores, except those who inherited a lot of money, and they, of course, all want to fuck their fathers. Look at it this way:

Who wouldn't fuck the president?

It is the patriotic duty of every girl in this country to make herself available to the chief executive should the case arise that he needs to fuck her. I'm sure few of you would refuse the laying on of presidential

continued on page 67

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COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL

continued from page 65

hands and the insertion of the presidential penis. Some of you might even go so far as to produce the presidential kid, considering the child-support scams that would become available.

In my opinion calling girls coke whores is tantamount to saying all girls who take drugs should be executed.

Who wouldn't fuck the biggest rock star, the biggest movie or television star? Who wouldn't fuck for \$10,000? With the answers to these questions evident, let's face their obvious extension. In a pinch, who wouldn't fuck their drug dealer?

I can just see the intelligent reader drop his copy of the magazine blanching at the very suggestion, which is understandable considering the pockmarked, rusty complexions, unfortunate habits, and somewhat demimonde lifestyles of some of our leading pusher-persons; but the fact remains that the dealer is sometimes an essential individual, who you cannot afford, in your life. So fuck him/her and, hey presto, you can! Once I saw what Mary got, and how she was getting on, I felt foolish about my stunted morals. It's easy to be a whore, I reasoned. Easy and fun.

I decided to take myself more seriously and, since I didn't think I could actually sell my bod at the local beanery to a rich divorcee, become a full-time coke whore. I called up Sheila and, as casually as possible, said

I'd drop by and have a private chat with her. She sounded more than interested. I got excited just thinking about the terrible things I was going to have to do to get a gram of cocaine. One of the things about being a whore is it makes sex "bad" again. When I got to Sheila's apartment she immediately took me into the bedroom, telling the snuffling crowd of lunatics in the living room to say she was out for 15 minutes if the phone rang.

"How about a line?" I asked her before we got into bed.

"Lmao. You wouldn't be inna condition," she replied—remembering no doubt the last occasion upon which I had been unable to achieve full vag pen due to inordinate coke intake—and pulled me down on top of her. What the fuck, I thought, I'm a whore. I do what I must.

Sheila was hot to trot, rutting and moaning beneath, apparently lost in her own private version of *Splendor in the Grass*, but the unexpected development of no toot up front had left me with a problematical situation. Without the temporary "freeze," my own pent-up emotions, heightened still further by the lurid fascination of consciously being a whore, could, I knew, be brought to a boil all too rapidly. And in fact, before Sheila could even grab my dick and shove it into her, I came. Evincing a great deal of bitter disappointment, she wiped herself off and said, with a piercing look, "I don't suppose there's any left where that came from?"

I blushingly tried to explain that I'd had a hard—she snorted derisively—day and just needed a little time to relax. "Relax on your own time, bub," she told me, tugging on her jeans and walking to the door. "Listen, I've got company. Let yourself out the back way." As I lay shivering in her cold bed, embarrassed and without hope of any free coke, I received an illumination that pinpointed the flaw in my reasoning about the whole coke-whore question.

Guys, we may all want to be whores, but the truth of the matter is—barring experts, of which I am obviously not one—only a girl can really get away with it. Because even if she does come once in a blue moon, it doesn't mean the man has to stop fucking her. In fact, you never have to stop fucking her. All you have to do is give her a couple of lines in between each fuck and she'll take care of you and, in some cases I know of, the customers in the living room as well. For a couple of grams to go. A guy just isn't capable of performing the necessary functions at will.

These thoughts left me confused and wondering who the weaker sex really are, because a whore is obviously a powerful thing to be if you can make the grade. Humbled by my own conclusion that I couldn't, I left Sheila's by the tradesman's entrance, turned in my black silk underwear with the cute mother-of-pearl buttons down the front and went over to Vinnie's to bum a free joint. At least I wouldn't have to expose myself in exchange for it. □



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continued from page 17

in the Colombian high can be directly attributed to the unfortunate mother ship-warehouse extended storage time that causes all mass-market Colombian to decay.

Feeling energized, I decided to take a few puffs and go out for a walk. It was here that the true and genuine merits of this marijuana began to manifest themselves. I found myself walking fast, thinking fast, ideas, feelings, perceptions bouncing around in my brain like a hot-wired pinball machine.

I was used to the slow, remote drift, the dreamy serene, deep-space mind set of certain sinsemillas. But this new grass was really buzzing away. It had a certain edge to it. Not an unpleasant edge, but a more aggressive and emotional attitude. It was crackling with lightninglike energy, the kind of grass that can whip you off into a brainstorm or bring out the desire for a whiff of danger, for an experience of the edge that the cozy sensuality of most sinsemilla had not prepared me for.

Danger Maybe this was dangerous stuff. Maybe that's good and bad. Maybe the sensual satisfactions of sinsemilla encourage playing it safe, curling up in a cocoon of blissful comfort. But on the other hand, maybe this new breed of Colombian was too raw and wild. "Street Fightin' Dope," perhaps.

Certainly it heightens perceptions, makes things more dramatic, theatrical, emotional. Perhaps it's imbibed some of the dangerous gangster vibes of the Colombian trade where gangster governments, gangster syndicates and gangster narcs vie to make life dangerous for each other. Certainly this new Colombian is a change of pace from sinsemilla. I haven't figured out yet whether it's a change for the better.

Still it's about time something interesting happened to Colombian grass. I went back and looked at this harbinger lid and recognized what made it different aside from freshness. I looked closely at the skinny leafy buds, noted the relatively small number of seeds, and came up with a theory of what's going on: The growers down in Colombia are beginning to get the word from the suppliers up in North America that the product just isn't going down right anymore. The consumer is beginning to rebel.

Maybe the Colombian growers are beginning in their crude way to try to upgrade the product into what some dealers call "semisinsilla"—a genuine all-bud lid, not the compressed seed-and-shake Colombian ounce buyers have become used to.

I'm not ready to concede Colombian has made a complete recovery. But when the Connoisseur—known for his incorruptible integrity and flawless taste—who has been denouncing this breed of weed for years declares there's a sign of hope, it could mean the dismal decline is about to bottom out. Let's keep the good news coming, and above all, keep it fresh. □

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ENTERPRISING VIDEO

Artists just can't afford to wait around

to be discovered anymore. These days a fella could starve on less than 20 grand a year. Anyway, free enterprise has a mandate from the people. So like those enterprising punk bands that got tired of waiting for record-company execs to catch up, more and more artistic types are producing and even marketing their own work. Here's a pair of video pioneers who decided to take matters into their own hands.

Merrill Aldighieri is one half of the partnership. She's used to the free-market hustle. In 1974 she parlayed a BFA in video into a job in cable television, eventually landing a spot screen-testing Muppets for Henson Associates. "That's where I learned the press book is the most important thing," she recalls. Finally she teamed up with another Muppets alumnus, video artist Joe Tripiclian, to form a production company called Co-Directions.

Meanwhile they put in two years at

Hurrah, a now-defunct New York rock club, as vee-jays running fragmented and abstract video backdrops for the bands. While they were there, Joe and Merrill occasionally turned hand-held cameras on the bands passing through, mostly for their own amusement. When Hurrah closed, they found themselves sitting on two years' worth of rock 'n' roll history on tape.

So from this unlocked-for good fortune, combined with the unhappy fact of their newfound unemployment, they cooked up the idea for "Live at Hurrah." They term it a video album—actually it's an anthology of short takes of some 15 bands. Featured are some of the better groups to come out of the proliferation of punk and new-wave bands, including the Lounge Lizards and Bauhaus. Though the 60-minute program is in color, stage-lighting at Hurrah generally ran to blue, so most of the bands have the highly stylized look of early "Ed Sullivan Show."

Flowing with the idea of making avant-garde a consumer item, Joe and



Two directions in video: Rock verité preserves the sound of the group Pylon in "Live at Hurrah" (top); cinemastreak from the timescape "Emerging Video" (bottom).

FROM THE SUBLIME . . .

The complete Deering System—scale, grinder, containers, the works—is a boon to aficionados, the disorganized, the gadget-happy. All in this nifty plastic briefcase to help you keep it all together. About \$75 from better retail outlets and mail-order outfits.



. . . TO THE PURELY RIDICULOUS

Ever notice what a mess you make when you accidentally touch your straw and it rolls around and maybe falls on the floor and scatters who-knows-what all over the rug? Well, even if you never thought about this weighty problem, you'll be happy to know it's been solved, thanks to Yanqui ingenuity and the vicissitudes of free-market economics. Here's the Tooter Tote, which consists entirely of a tiny glass straw and holder, a little gizmo with a suction cup attached to its nether end. The suction cup adheres to any wood, metal or glass surface, holding the straw securely so it can't take off. And to think, you never even knew you needed one. Tooter Tote, \$2.50 each ppd. Trons Labs, 5327 Jacuzzi St., Richmond, CA 94804.



Merrill are now devising marketing strategies for putting across some of their experimental pieces. These have always been available to collectors, but according to Merrill, all the big money is going to established artists who are considered safe investments. So the pair are looking to a wider audience. Attempting to combat consumer resistance to art with a one-viewing life, they suggest organizing parties around repeated screenings; in essence, making video as casual as LPs. Their latest piece is "Emerging Video," a bedeviling abstract constructed from landscapes with a disturbing electronic soundtrack by collaborator Richard Bone. The 30-minute show is being billed as a mood piece suitable for use as a party background, and it probably is.

Merrill has a long-standing fascination with the science-fiction genre. In 1975 she received a National Education Association grant to make an educational S/F production. That one hasn't made it to Co-Directions' backlist, but

"Visitations, or Filthy Little Beasts from Not Around Here" did. In the genre tradition, your typical middle-class family is threatened by otherworldly monsters. But the Dagwood character is a female impersonator espoused to a blowy and incompetent Blondie—Merrill's vision of married life in America. The invaders have a taste for human brains—convincingly rendered by canned spaghetti. The story line is by Merrill but, she says, the actors improvised the dialogue, and they all arrived for the shooting tripping.

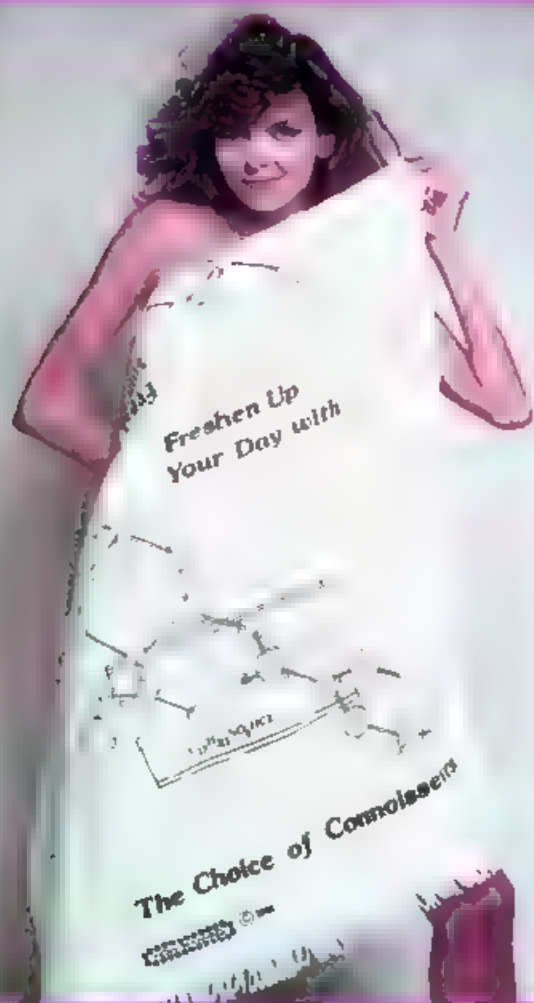
Other Co-Directions productions include "Alien Comic Escapades," an evening with Tom Murrin; "Love Among the Mutants," in which Merrill's ever-present Blondie character has the soul of a vacuum cleaner; and "Short Chorts," an anthology of warped thought patterns. All are available in VHS or Beta, and prices average roughly \$50 an hour for programming. For information, write Co-Directions, Inc., 276 Riverside Drive, #4C, New York, NY 10025.



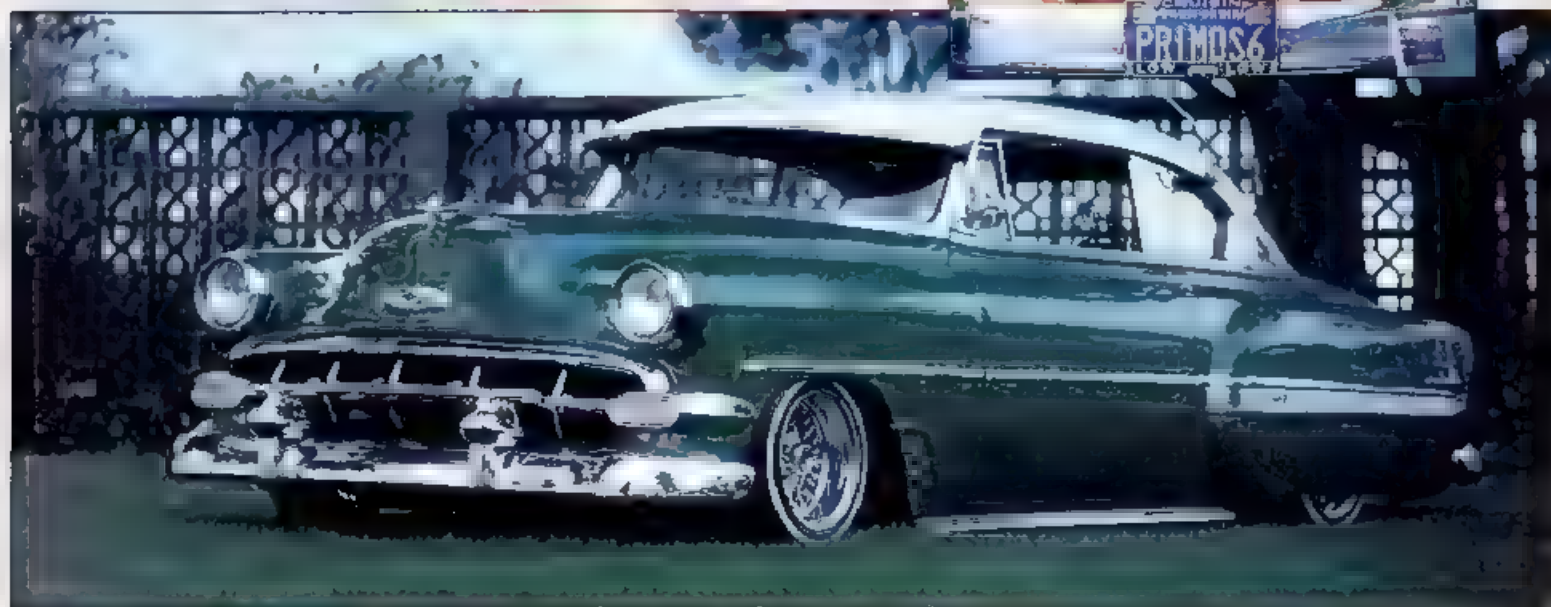
Can you spot the alien consciousness? The horrors of married life in "Visitations" (top), invasion of the beauty parlor from "Short Chorts" (bottom).

... TO THE MERELY LUCID ...

Some people wear lapel buttons. Some wear silly T-shirts. Others lean toward bumper stickers. But when it pays to be discreet, the best place to sport your preference is in the shower. Here, a fuzzy towel decorated with the chemical symbol for a chloride distilled from Erythroxylon coca. The same message adorns the handkerchief. And if you think these are silly, consider—some people wear their hearts on their sleeves. Towels are \$18, hankies are three for \$6.50. Add \$1 handling. Now Showing, P.O. Box 20486, Broadway Station, Seattle, WA 98102.



We Go Cholo



The cars flash off the pages. Simonize high-gloss finishes over phantasmagoric paint jobs. Customizing is a fetish. Even the name gets down. But Sonny Madrid, the soft-spoken publisher of *Low Rider*, says the magazine is no ordinary auto book. It's the weathervane of the newest wave.

"I was doing a young-Chicano-Mexicano-Hispanic book, and I said to myself, if I make it work, there's gonna be imitators, naturally, and I'm just a little guy. I was thinking of the publishing conglomerates. So I threw them a curve by making it look like an auto book with the name *Low Rider*. At the same time, to the people who were publishing auto books, when they looked at it, they said, no, it's not an auto book, it's an ethnic book. So I threw them both off and we were able to survive. Their ignorance is our bliss."

Low riding is a fashion of a particular lifestyle. It takes its name from the essential customizing operation that makes these cars so sharp—

the hydraulic pump hooked to the suspension system. Parked, the cars drop down to the ground—"low riders." But at happenings, at car shows, pumping the suspension so that the cars hop up and down is a competitive sport. Happenings are the social mainstay of low riders, and there's big money in winning a hopping competition in a '46 Chevy. On the streets, low riders hop instead of drag races.

Low riding, Sonny maintains, is the dominant lifestyle among young Hispanics, and *Low Rider* magazine is their voice. The sharp cars, cholo clothes, and hip Aztlán patois of *Low Rider*'s readers and writers are just expressions of the culture. "The most colorful thing in that lifestyle," the publisher says, "is the motorized culture—the vehicles. You take a young Chicano individual, this individual will talk a certain way, dress a certain way, like certain music, congregate in certain places, but his vehicle really stands out. It's very

flamboyant.

"It's a throwback to the '50s, the car culture. This was what our young people saw in movies and television and other media they had access to. That was the way a young American person was supposed to act. But they took it a step further."

Devotees are generally in their late 20s to early 30s. Among the youngest low riders, ages 9 to 15, the fashion is to customize their bicycles. "Antique toy cars is a heavy thing right now. The first pedal cars, little metal cars—they're customizing those."

Sonny likes to draw comparisons between *Low Rider* and *High Times*—two books well outside the mainstream. *Low Rider* is only five years old. Like the originators of *High Times*, Sonny had to create his own distribution network to put his magazine across. And like many members of *High Times*' early staff, Sonny comes out of the antiwar, third-party movements of the last decade. But *Low Rider* no longer covers drugs.

"We're subscribed to by every school district in the state [of California]. After a while we started getting letters from vice principals and stuff," he explains. "If anybody gives us really good feedback, it's high-school teachers. They say, 'Hey, the kids don't want to read anything, especially curriculum. So what do they do? They got their workbooks on top of their desks, but in between their workbooks they're reading *Low Rider*.'"

Low riding is now high fashion in Western Europe and Japan. And tourists visiting the West Coast are leaving with quantities of car accessories, cholo fashions, and zoot suits. Sonny predicts the style will sweep Europe before bouncing back to the States as just another fashion. Now he's planning a new monthly, "Technical Low Rider," to cover customizing in depth. The target markets are Europe and Japan. Apparently, buying the magazine is the first step toward buying a piece of the culture. □

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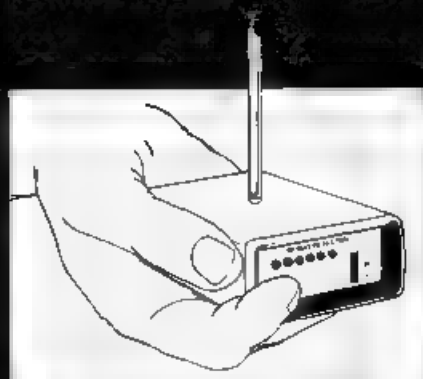
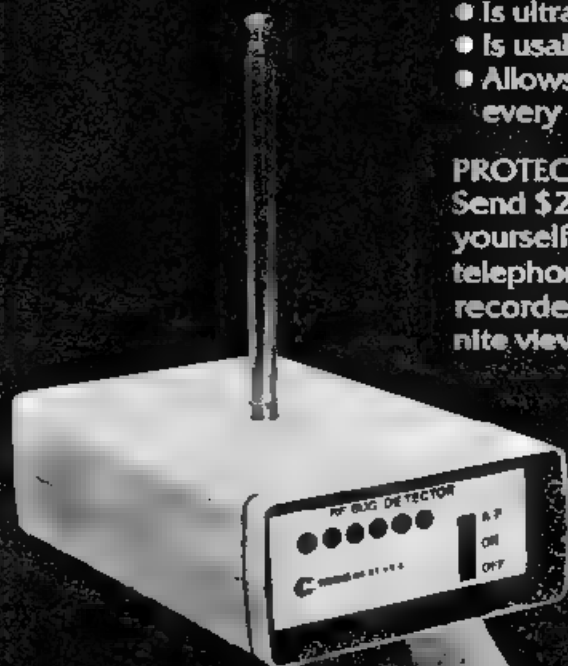
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circumstances. And that might be the molecular mystery junk Heath's techs saw through their razzle-dazzle microscope

Heath's 1978 study disposed of, there's nothing in the area of marijuana-induced brain damage that hasn't been exposed and exploded long before, time and again. It doesn't snap dendrites; alcohol snaps dendrites but pot doesn't, except when dropped into laboratory petri dishes on top of already-dead brain tissue.

"Amotivational syndrome" then, at least? No such thing. The 1974 "Ganja in Jamaica" study should have taken care of "amotivational syndrome," by showing how herb-toking canecutters down there do just as much fieldwork as nontokers, with rather more efficient energy expenditure. But of course there was this pigmentation problem. They're all *black* down there, and the Endangered American Child is strictly white, endowed by God with more brains to be damaged by drugs, implicitly.

But there are young white all-American people who smoke whole ounces of stiff-proof tropical reefer, every day, for years on end: parishoners of the Ethiopian Zion Coptic Church. Amotivational they're not; in fact you would take them for card-carrying Scientologists, they are so preachy and pushy, if they didn't exhale ganja with every single preachy breath.

Some guarantee that grass will turn you into an uncontrollable rapist or nymphomaniac.

So last year some UCLA techs put a batch of South Florida Coptics, bright-faced young white men and women who'd been "chimneyfying" herb for years, through all the latest mental-performance, learning and comprehension tests. If any had developed the slightest trace of organic brain damage, you would have heard of it; but they didn't, so you didn't. Moreover, their high-school IQ and personality-inventory stats, taken before they ever got into weed, matched precisely with the UCLA stats taken last year. And the UCLA techs to go by their own report, found these Coptic supertokers to be just as disagreeably messianic, didactic and altogether *hyper-*

motivational as religious zealots of any cult.

Which presents pretty persuasive proof that marijuana *doesn't* cause organic brain damage—at least not if you smoke it so continuously and compulsively that you're absolutely immune to any of its subjective effects, from the high down to the munchies. That's religious people for you. They'll go to any lengths to take the fun out of drug abuse.

THE HEART AND THE EYES

Dope smokers could indeed profit much by sending away for *With Love from Dad*. Besides a lot of laughs, the book provides a helpful bibliography of reactionary antipot crank doctors and politicians, and amply illustrates how they distort responsible scientific marijuana research into paranoid reefer-madness disinformation.

But not every doc cited in *With Love from Dad* is necessarily an antipot crank, mind you. This book is not exactly an unadulterated marvel of antidope propaganda. Somebody—supposedly some benevolent old small-town Marcus Welby GP—simply hired a professional clipping service, see, and had them assemble every newspaper squib, popular magazine article, speech transcript and professional medical-journal entry that appeared with the word "marijuana" in it at any time after 1955 or thereabouts. Then out of this mass was edited anything that struck the editors as sounding remotely positive or favorable about marijuana. A team of people obviously collaborated on this monumental and boring enterprise; a lot of these drudges clearly knew nothing about grass and cared less, and obviously nobody bothered to get the whole impossible act together before this miscellaneous clipping compendium went off to the printers.

Antidope themes have changed their tune any number of times since the '50s. Some early-dated entries in *With Love from Dad* guarantee that grass will turn you into an uncontrollable rapist or nymphomaniac overnight; other, later-dated entries have it turning you into a wholly impotent homosexual or lesbian. (After the sexual revolution turned sex into a Good Thing, understand, it became necessary for marijuana to kill the sex drive, in order for it to remain a Bad Thing.) And the sex issue is only one of many on which this book contradicts itself so wildly and absolutely that *With Love from Dad* should set a permanent standard by which to judge bad propaganda.

The Art Linkletter TV commercials, though, are absolutely superb, top-notch 200-proof propaganda. Who would be low and mean-spirited enough to charge this bereaved parent—whose daughter fell out of a window in 1968, you'll recall, a few days or weeks after she may or may not have done LSD-25—who would be hard-hearted enough to charge poor, kindly old Art with imbecility for intoning, with a straight face

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and every evidence of sincerity, ominous implications that marijuana has deleterious effects on "the heart and eyes." Would you be so cruel as to do that? Me, hell, I'm the nicest guy in the world.

As to the heart THC in marijuana has this direct effect of lowering blood pressure slightly, indirectly causing the heart to speed up its beat rate slightly by way of compensation for reduced blood flow. In neophyte smokers, a stiff charge of good grass can hype their heartbeat by a third, equivalent to the speedup you'd get while routinely masturbating, for example, but nothing like the dramatic "tachycardia" you'd sustain in the process of ravishing your favorite movie star. Healthy people have nothing whatsoever to fear from THC-induced tachycardia; diagnosed heart patients, of course, should shun any nonprescription drugs, including grass.

As to the "eyes," well hell, when kindly old Art gets to that line of his script, it must knock knowledgeable dopers out of their seats with hilarity. The stuff's good for your eyes, if you've got open-angle glaucoma; otherwise it just makes them a little blood-shot, which is absolutely devoid of pathological significance, but which shows up any number of redundant times in *With Love from Dad* as a capital "tell-tale sign" of the marijuana abuser.

Yes, dope smokers could spend many pleasant hours with this book, cracking up over its blatant falsehoods and pathetic self-contradictions, and imagining how some honestly concerned but unsophisticated person, gulled by Art Linkletter into sending away for *With Love from Dad*, would ever begin to make any sense out of it. But for dope smokers there's this ethical question of who would be getting their \$16.95, and what might they be using the money for? The book is merchandised through a professional New York merchandising firm, which is not obliged at all to disclose the identities of its clients, thank you. The money here at HIGH TIMES is on the American Council on Marijuana and Other Psychoactive Drugs, Inc., as the account into which this book's proceeds are going. The ACM, very active in Washington, is the prime lobby (though unregistered as such) for SmithKline French and so on, in their efforts to keep marijuana as illegal and unavailable as possible. Drop \$16.95 into this amusing oddity, and you may be contributing to the glorious cause of marijuana re-criminalization.

ADDICTION

Sure marijuana's addictive, if you go by the working definition of "addiction" offered in Goodman and Gilman's *The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics*, the very bible of drug science in American medicine. By this definition, though, people who daily do high-colonic saline enemas out of some weird quasi-sexual compulsion could be

Grass can hype the heartbeat equivalent to the speedup you'd get while routinely masturbating.


said to be "addicted" to the salt. Docs used to be conservative enough to insist that drugs were only "addictive" if classic withdrawal symptoms—runny nose, gooseflesh, anxiety, cramps, aches, insomnia, nausea, vomiting and diarrhea supervened when the drug was discontinued. But they've gotten liberal enough now to conceivably apply the term to salt.

Marijuana was officially deemed nonaddictive, once and for all, in 1942 at the Lexington narcotics farm in Kentucky. "no addiction liability," the U.S. Public Health Service concluded; "does not partake of opoid activity." And it has been nonaddictive, by the evidence of the naked eye, ever since.


But things are quietly changing now, so watch out. The Lexington docs in 1942 were seasoned veterans in dealing with real morphine and heroin addicts, and their very spectacular withdrawals. When they came to check out "marijuana," they actually fed a bunch of kicking junkies "Parahexyl" (an early synthetic congener of cannabis), and when the Parahexyl didn't alleviate any of the withdrawal symptoms in the slightest, the docs cleared cannabis of addiction liability.

There are several obvious flaws in this study. Parahexyl instead of raw grass or hash, for instance. And then, of course, docs back then didn't have all the razzle-dazzle technology they can play with now. If you ran such a study today, using THC instead of Parahexyl, and strapped the withdrawing junkies to all the latest ultrasensitive diagnostic gimmicks, you would probably discover that impossibly high doses of THC might very slightly alleviate the nausea, reduce the nose-sniffles, cut into the gut-cramps and so on, even if the addicts only freaked out completely, themselves, with the THC-enhanced dope-sickness anxiety. Then, by employing the very special provisions of sympathetic magic, which the scientific community condones whenever *dope's* involved, you could put it down in official scientific writing that you had proven marijuana to be addictive *after all*, and so there! There are cranks who would do this for free, if NIDA would only supply the

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7 MARIJUANA MYTHS

continued from preceding page

narcotics and the accreditation.

So somebody will be doing this any day now, bank on it, and the media will have another grand reefer scare to play with. This could be the worst one yet, in terms of the peace of mind of individuals who smoke marijuana. If a lot of them have swallowed that "fat solubility" horseshit, and worry vaguely about it, imagine how they'll feel when they're told they're hooked, and will be facing something like heroin junk-sickness if they ever try to quit.

In fact, a lot of people who feel obliged to try to quit regular marijuana smoking tend to have all sorts of trouble. There is a very nice outfit in New York City called Pot-smokers Anonymous, run by a remarkable lady named Perry Eisenstadt, that is very good at helping people through their troubles, when they feel obliged to try to quit grass. Most often, see, when people feel compelled to drop grass smoking—to "clean out their bodies," as they usually put it, or "clear up their heads"—it's because they've reached an emotional crisis of some sort in their lives, a crisis they don't want to deal with consciously, so they focus all their sundry anxieties onto their pot. Eisenstadt and her people deftly use the time-tested ploy of getting clients to rap out their pot-anxieties in group discussion, until they get comfortable enough to look through the

It's like dosing a seven-year-old girl every day with this weird drug.

pot-taboo to the real things that are scaring and frustrating them so miserably. It's called "systematic desensitization," and it always helps folks to get a better grip on their lives.

Out of every nominally "antimarijuana" group in this country, Pot-smokers Anonymous is the only one that actually offers help to people who are in trouble with dope. (The Church of Scientology has a "clean-out" program, but having spoken with veterans of it, I personally think you'd be better off taking some fat-soluble, addictive, brain-damaging drug, if any such drug exists.) All the other antipot outfits are purely political special-interest groups, cashing in on America's much-heralded reversion to

"traditional" values, morals, religions, superstitions and bigotries. Eisenstadt does not recruit applicants for Pot-smokers Anonymous by reciting antimarijuana medical myths to the media and Congressional appropriations committees. Perry Eisenstadt, consequently, hardly ever gets a line of popular print and nary a farthing of public money. In fact, now that Pot-smokers Anonymous has been positively written up in *HIGH TIMES*, they'll most likely be investigated by the feds, poor bastards.

As to "quitting pot," I'm old enough now to see how it most commonly works. Around the age of 30-odd, most people who've done a joint or so daily for years—and these are extraordinarily heavy "chronic," high-dose smokers—tend to get just plain bored with it, and cut down to weekend smoking and party smoking. It happens very naturally, imperceptibly and painlessly with nearly everybody. Some people go on smoking like chimneys for years yet, but by my observation, these tend to be in the business, and wholly dedicated to it. And then there's always a small proportion of people who feel obliged to quit, and get especially irritable and insomniac and whiney for a few days every time they do so: because people who feel obliged to try to quit also have this tendency to go sniveling back to it guiltily, like a dog to its vomit. Everybody knows people like that, and knows they'll always be quirky, whether or not they happen to be doing cannabis any given month. Thank God they're on pot, though, and not alcohol or tranks.

The terrible thing about this political reefer-madness resurgence is that it makes a lot of perfectly innocent, levelheaded pot-smokers feel profoundly uneasy about the drug, and thus about their own bodies. Since a lot of people opt for grass specifically because it's so much less toxic to the body than alcohol, that means they tend to be a trace hypochondriac—"health-conscious" is the euphemism—to begin with. Feeding such people these horrific lies about their marijuana is to materially harm them, by generating in them needless but persistent anxieties. Anxiety can damage people's bodies and minds worse than a lot of truly dangerous drugs, let alone mere reefer.

So when you start hearing your own friends cracking black-humor jokes about rumored marijuana toxicity, it's time to stuff a cork in it, by Jesus. Marijuana confers a wonderful, liberating high—I do it once or twice a month myself, average, mainly by way of seducing innocent young women with exotic high-test sinsemilla, and having my filthy old way with their nubile white bodies while they are hopelessly delirious in the octopoid coils of this honest-to-Dionysus aphrodisiac drug. If we let these political jerkoffs rave on much longer with their marijuana disinformation campaign, it'll get harder for any of us to score with it or behind it. □



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Two years later, people knew better. What we didn't tell you about drugs, we showed you. How to grow magic mushrooms (#10) and sinsemilla (#11). First looks inside Peru's coca fields (#9) and Uncle Sam's pot plantation (#15). We explained the workings of the Marijuana Air Force and the global politics of dope wars. Revealed the Man Who Turned On the World and the world's 10 Best smuggling ships.

If you had these issues once, but lost them, you already know they're a treasury of modern dope lore. If you never read these issues, wouldn't you like to know how to choose a lawyer, safely use nitrous oxide, buy a judge and find psychedelic cacti?

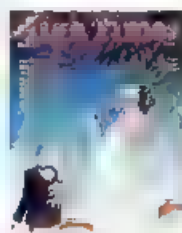
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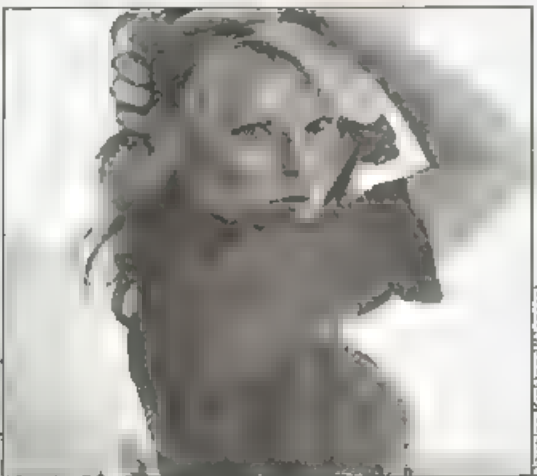
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SEEDNASTERS

CELEB DRUG SHOCK: 'NEVER TOUCHED THE STUFF!'



Clockwise from top left: Stan Dragoti; Cathy Lee Crosby; John and MacKenzie Phillips

Following the courageous lead of TV unpersonality Cathy Lee Crosby, previously drug-tarnished Hollywood figures are now coming out of the closet, finally, and admitting that they've really never done any drug more illegal than penicillin.

"Stan (movie producer Dragoti) had a stiff tolerance to cimetidine for a while," chuckles a Hollywood source, "but coke? It was all a mistake. He was really up for double-parking, but this New York City judge mixed his blotter slip with a Harlem pump's. But when it hit the headlines it was too late to clear his name with *People* magazine, so Stan parlayed it into a media coup, by cop-

ping down to making a prime-time nationwide TV antidope special. Everybody came out winners on that one. The pump who wound up with Stan's traffic rap would've gotten 20 to life on his real coke charge."

Friends of MacKenzie ("One Day At A Time") Phillips and her dad John (some '60s rock group) Phillips were reluctant to blow their top-billing act as loquaciously repentant ex-drugniks, but a few dollars greased jawbones aplenty. "John hadn't made the tube since Mama Cass dropped dead," reasons one, "and fan mail at CBS was running 7:1 in favor of Valerie Bertinelli, so MacKenzie got the axe, and they were both

on the bricks. But look, John was in rock music in the '60s, right? So he might as well have been a junkie. Name any '60s rock stars who are still big: Keith Richards, Marianne Faithfull, Paul McCartney, Jerry Garcia. See which way the wind blows?"

"So even if John never really did any dope, it sure couldn't hurt his *schmutzik* career to say he *did*, right? And hauling MacKenzie along was a stroke of genius. That way you get all the endangered-American-family kooks swallowing your line."

Next Month: Inside Ronald Reagan's jelly-beans.

DEA 'COURIER PROFILE' HITS NEW SETBACK

ATLANTA, GEORGIA—Federal drug officials here today were ordered to suspend custody of their two latest "drug courier profile" defendants, and did so with an audible sigh of relief. "Give me coke mobsters and reefer smugglers any day," said veteran Drug Enforcement Administration airport narc Ray Markonich. "Those two dirt-bags were *dangerous criminals!*"

Airport agent Markovnik testified in federal court that he first noticed defendant Abdulfaragh al-Hadj, 37, disembarking at Hartsfield International Airport from a South Florida flight at the head of the line carrying only a small airline bag, looking "suspiciously nervous." Then he noticed co-defendant Kathy Boudoir, 35, at the far end of the same line, burdened down with a heavy aluminum sea-trunk, looking "suspiciously casual." Since South Florida is a known "drug source" area, and Atlanta is a known "drug market" city, agent Markovnik tentatively pegged both as "dope mules," or drug couriers.

His suspicions deepened when al-Hadj rushed straight for a phone, as if to impatiently call a drug connection, and Boudoir loitered about the lobby, as though patiently awaiting a connection. Boudoir was also dressed very neatly, as though to avoid police suspicion, while al-Hadj was dressed sloppily, like a typical "drug culture" individual.

So, with the aid of other DEA agents, Markovnik approached both suspects when they happened to drift close together, and identified himself as a federal agent, and asked if he could please inspect their tickets and baggage checks.

"Imagine my surprise," said Markovnik later, "when she hauled out a sawed-off 12-gauge, and he hauled out a Browning .45 automatic." The two were subdued by the agents, with moderate casualties among the passersby, and their baggage was searched.

It transpired that defendant al-Hadj, a member of the Libyan People's Bureau for the Propagation of Bloodshed, was carrying 13.5 kilos of enriched, weapons-grade plutonium to a secret location in some U.S. city. And Boudoir, chairperson of the Middle-aged Commie Dyke Demolition Brigade, had 280 sticks of sweating dynamite and two cases of CIA-surplus nerve gas grenades, all packed in napalm-treated gelignite. The suspects had been unknown to each other, until they wound up waiting to-

gether in the Hartsfield Airport DEA office, while agent Markovnik went to apply for a search warrant to cover the seizures.

This was denied by federal district court judge E. Clyde Bumstead. "The DEA courier profile is a *drug courier profile*," Bumstead reminded Markovnik. "It's not a *gun courier profile*, or a *bomb courier profile*. It's a *drug courier profile*," a special infringement on the Fourth Amendment we allow *strictly* because marijuana and co-

caine are the gravest danger to today's American youth and family. You have gravely erred, sirrah, and tried the patience of this court," he told Markovnik. "I direct you to return these people's property to them at once, and set them free."

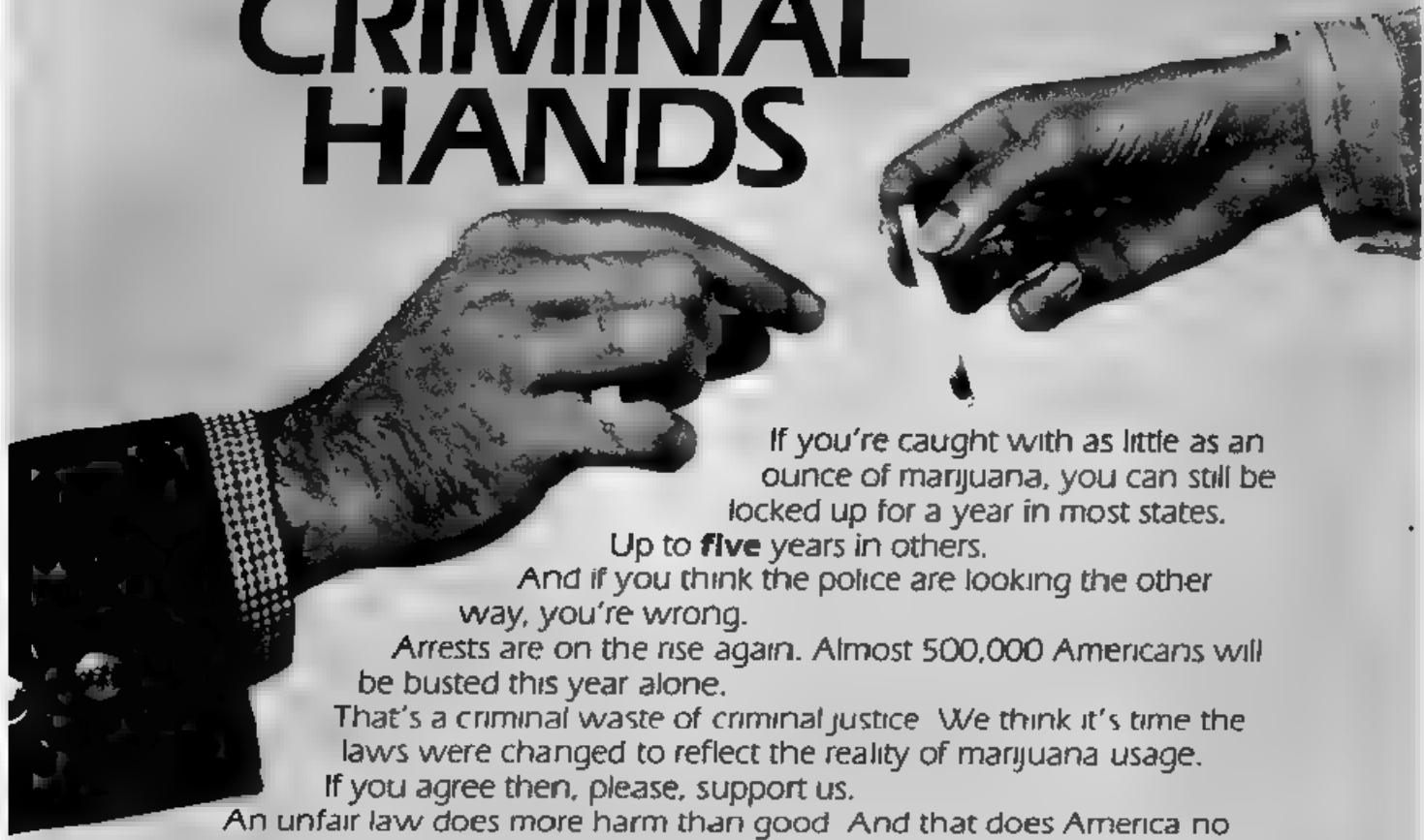
Boudoir and al-Hadj left Hartsfield arm in arm, profusely trading saliva. "Just as well," shuddered agent Markovnik. "Try to cavity-search one of those nasty fuckers, you could blow your whole arm off."



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Heartened by the recent substantial influx of capital into the federal reserve banks of Northern California, First Lady Nancy Reagan invited the families of regional sun-milla and skunk indica farmers to the White House for a special "Grow American" banquet. The first lady, in return, was surprised and delighted by the presentation to her of the world's largest Thai stick, 20 feet tall, requiring 700 yards of triple-ply hemp thread to tie the buds together. The subsequent banquet bankrupted the White House commissary allowance for jellybeans, Fritos and general nosh.

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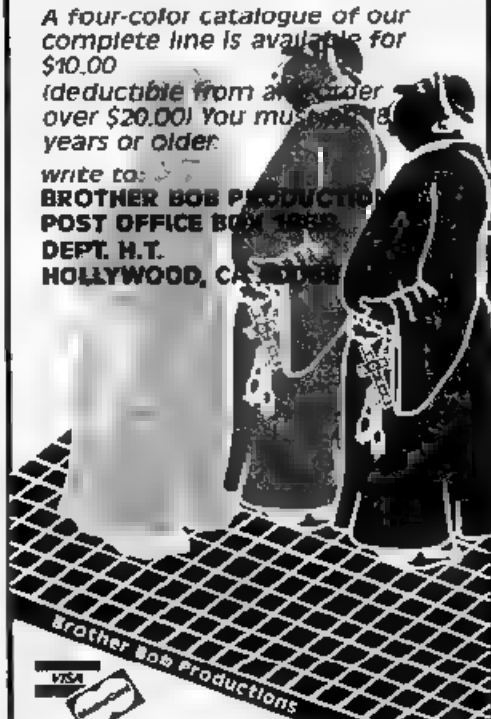
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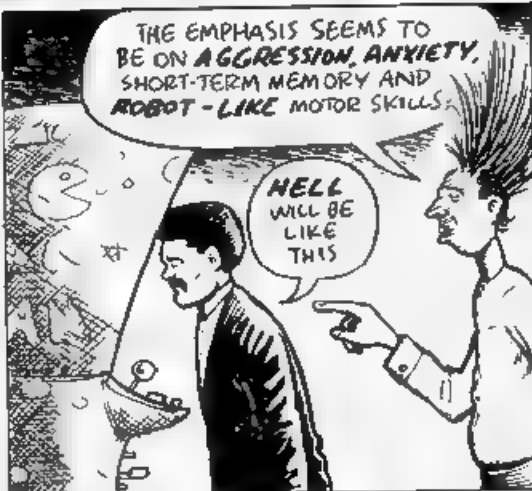
THIS KID HAS BEEN AT IT 9 HRS.. HE'S PUMPED #32 IN QUARTERS INTO THAT MACHINE

VOIT, POP BLOOT!!



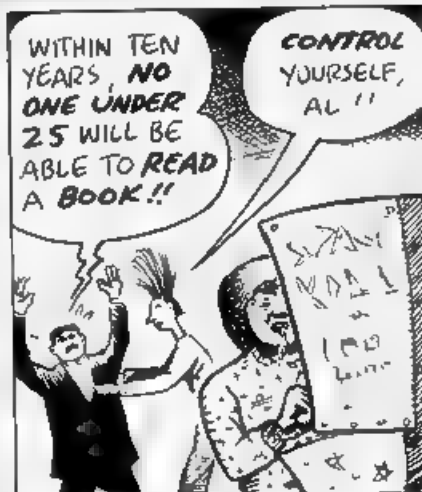
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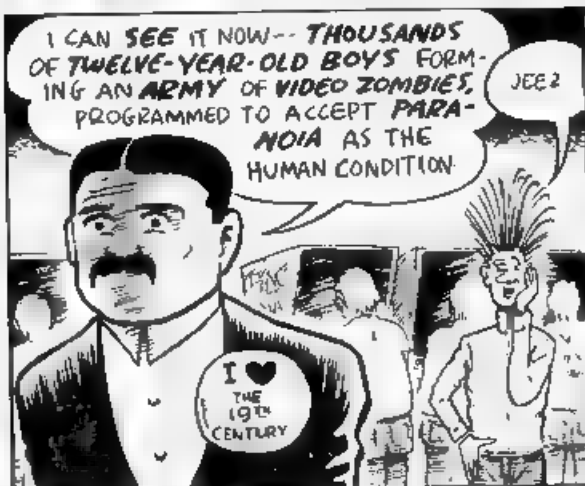
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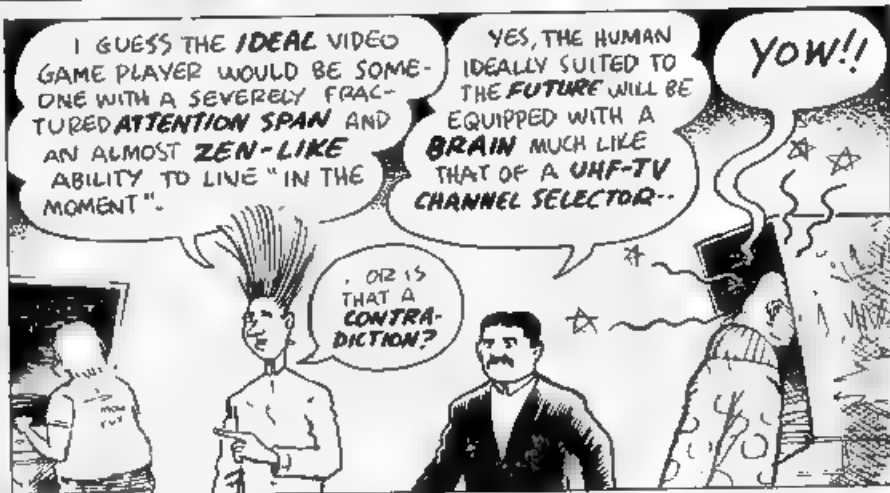


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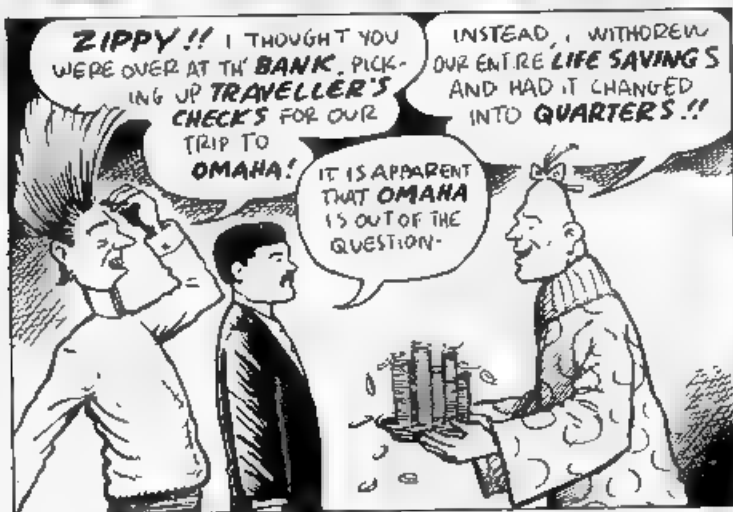
OR IS THAT A CONTRADICTION?



ZIPPY!! I THOUGHT YOU WERE OVER AT THE BANK, PICKING UP TRAVELLER'S CHECKS FOR OUR TRIP TO OMAHA!

INSTEAD, I WITHDREW OUR ENTIRE LIFE SAVING SAVINGS AND HAD IT CHANGED INTO QUARTERS!!

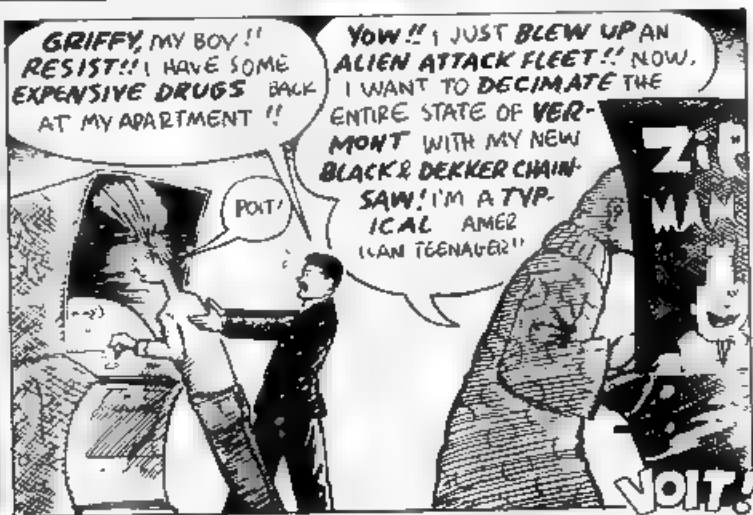
IT IS APPARENT THAT OMAHA IS OUT OF THE QUESTION.



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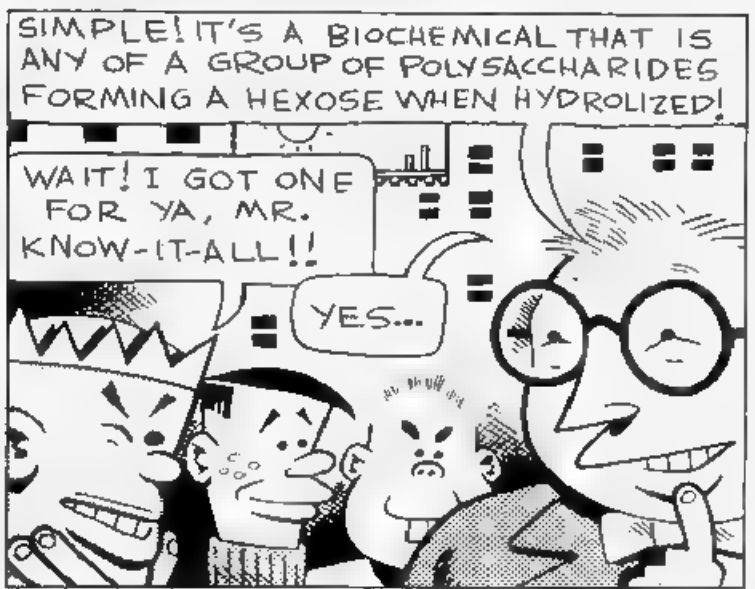
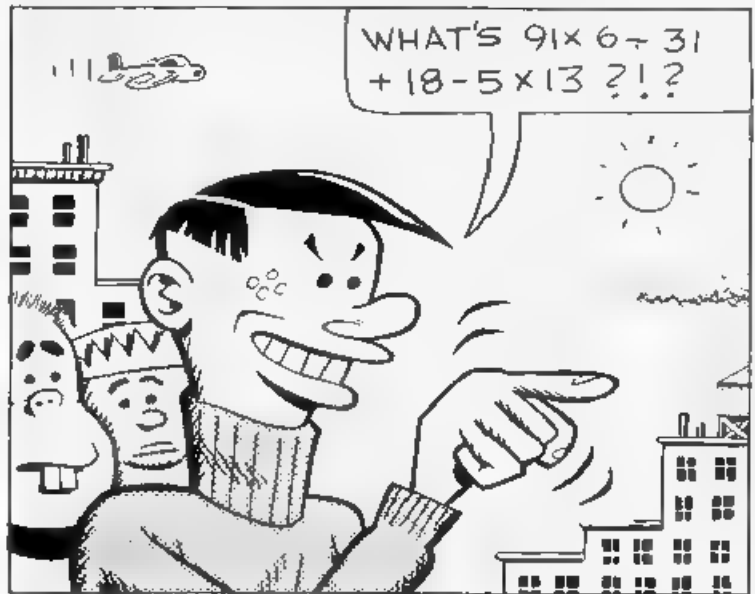
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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

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223 A SURVEY OF OVER 8000 PEOPLE undertaken at Kaiser Foundation Hospital in Oakland, CA, indicates that drinkers have fewer heart attacks than teetotalers—the really heavy drinkers have the fewest of all

Personal Report, Mar 25 1980

224 CHICAGO—A SUBSTITUTE PAROCHIAL school teacher drugged with LSD by a student she sent to the principal's office for throwing paper airplanes said yesterday she will retire, brokenhearted at the thought that the rest of the class failed to warn her. "I won't teach again" Antoinette Indovina 60 said

New York Post, Nov. 12, 1981

225 CLEVELAND—A 70-YEAR-OLD great grandfather charged with selling marijuana said he needed the extra income to supplement his Social Security checks.

"I just try to make ends meet," Wilbur J Abernathy said. "I just sold a little bit."

New York Post, Nov. 2, 1981

226 I PREFER A LIFE OF TEN YEARS OF coca to a life of a million centuries without coca

Dumbo Mantagazza, c. 1859

227 I'M ONLY A BEER TEETOTALER, NOT a champagne teetotaler

G.B. Shaw, Candida, Act III



228 POT MAKES THE MOST STUPID sound amusing—that's the best thing about it

Truman Capote

229 49.3% OF U.S. SERVICEMEN admitted taking drugs and alcohol during duty hours

CBS News, Sept. 16, 1981

230 THE SCYTHIANS THEN TAKE THE seed of this hemp, and creeping under the felt covering of the tent, they throw the seed on the stones glowing with heat from the fire, and there it smoulders and makes such a steam as no vapour-bath in Greece could surpass and the steam makes the Scythians howl for joy. Thus serves them for a bath for they never wash their bodies in water.

Herodotus, Histories, Book IV 5th cent. B.C.



231 OUR YOUTH TODAY LOVE LUXURY. They have bad manners, contempt for authority, disrespect for older people. Children nowadays are tyrants. They contradict their parents, gobble their food, and tyrannize their teachers.

Socrates, about 425 B.C. (Substitute "drugs" for "food" and you got it)

232 OPIUM AND HEROIN SMUGGLING is a major source of revenue for the Afghan rebels

Counterspy, Aug./Oct., 1981

233 HERE WAS THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS about which the philosophers had disputed for so many ages at once discovered

Thomas De Quincey, Confessions of an English Opium-Eater, 1822



234 BOB COLACELLO EARLIER you said that you try to watch the news every night, but don't you and the president know what's on the news already?

NANCY REAGAN It's sometimes interesting to see how it's interpreted. **BOB COLACELLO** Diana Vreeland told me that in Paris and London before the Second World War, the German diplomats started passing around cocaine and heroin among the fashionable young people, the very class of people who, when the war came, would be the officers in the French and British armies. She maintains that it was all really well thought out by the Nazis, and when the war came it was true that so many of the best and brightest were demolished by drugs, and didn't have the will to stand up and fight for France and England. Sometimes I wonder where all these drugs are coming from.

Interview with Nancy Reagan, by Andy Warhol, Bob Colacello and Doria Reagan in Interview, Dec. 1981

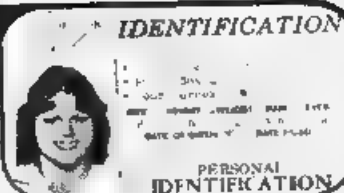
235 IN FACT, IN THE EAST MENDICANT monks and friars have used hemp from the earliest times and still do, according to Bouquet, who quotes Mohamet Shirazi Kalenderi's writing as follows. "Their object in using this drug is, in addition to their pleasures in the visions it engenders, to try up the seminal fluid, they thereby diminish the inclination to sexual pleasure and can the more easily avoid lib-
ertynage

Bull. on Narcotics 2(4), 14, Oct. 1950

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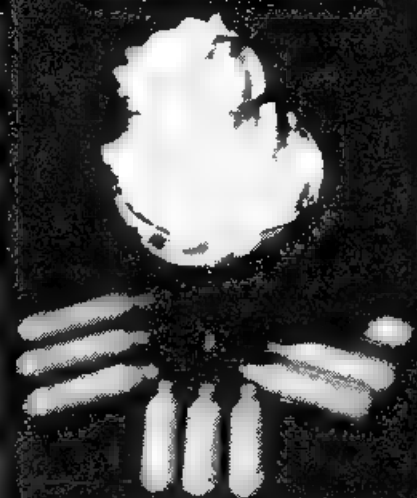
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PERSONALS

28-year-old in need of correspondence with females of any age. Will be getting out next year. Don Robey #32483, 5-2B-17 K.S.P., Route 2, Old Eddyville, P.O. Box 128, Eddyville, KY 42038-0128.

Ricky Bohannon, #21320-175, Box W, Lompoc, CA 93438. Jerry Bohannon, #23555-149, Box W, Lompoc, CA 93438.

Young man, age 21, seeking female correspondent—in prison, to disband loneliness. Cornelius Patterson, P.O. Box 607, Carson City, NV 89701

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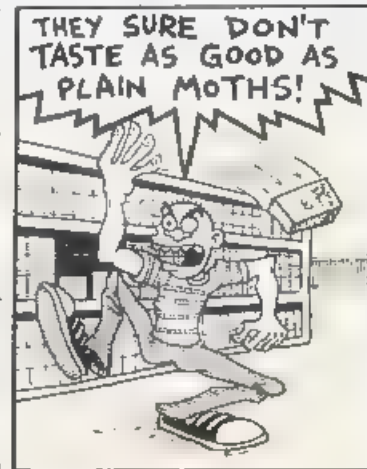
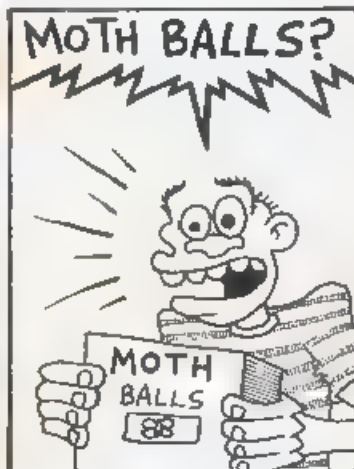
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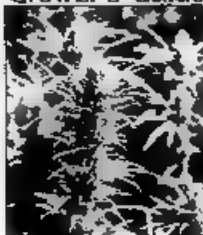
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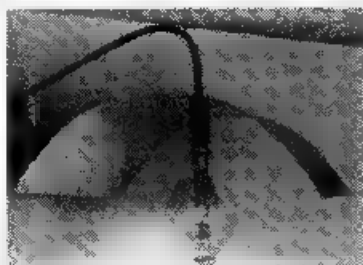
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Sinsemilla Cinema

Shooting America's First Full-Length Homegrown Feature

by Michael Wilmington

PAYDIRT

SINCE 1969 AND EASY RIDER, MOVIES ABOUT DOPE consumption and distribution have been fairly common. Considering how tanked up the Hollywood community usually is on weed or cocaine, it's hardly surprising that they've shown such fascination in the intricacies of getting high—or that such an assortment of superfly dealers and blue-collar narcotics cops have been paraded before us. But movies about dope cultivation are rare, not the least of the reasons being the simple danger of filming in an actual pot field. You can show an actor getting high—on a closed sound stage—with something that may or may not be dope. But how can you film a whole marijuana crop, detailing the harvest, without getting the whole crew busted?

Obviously, you need the cooperation of the growers themselves. And that's what writer-director Penny Allen had in *Paydirt*—an independent, low-budget film, shot near Portland, Oregon, centering around a small community of vintners and winegrowers, some of whom grow pot on the side to finance their grape crops. The incidents of the movie are based on fact, on a series of burglaries and riffs of small, independent growers in southern Oregon. The backgrounds and many of the details are authentic, part of *Paydirt* was shot in a sinsemilla field, to which the actors and crew had to travel blindfolded. *Paydirt* cost

only \$125,000—a pittance in these days when a Hollywood script doctor may earn a million for a rewrite subject. The details of dope growing are presented lovingly and thoroughly; the photography, by young Eric Edwards, is especially spectacular, imbuing every scene with a radiant, indescent clarity and unsentimental romanticism. The story itself is a thriller—more shocking, actually, because all the incidents, up to a point, are taken from real life.

Penny Allen has worked for years with a small, avant-garde Portland theater group, writing and directing plays. Several years ago she met Edwards and decided to make movies, using her theater troupe and friends from the Portland area. Her first film, *Property*—which portrayed some shock troops from the Portland counterculture who band together in an attempt to save their apartment house from destruction—was highly regarded, a real critical success in independent film circles. With *Paydirt*, however, she's raising the stakes—courting condemnation and disaffection from the crazed bigots of the Moral Majority, as well as the distaste of her former colleagues and admirers. Her reactions to that pressure was one of the first topics of our interview. (Sordid Affairs Editor Dean Latimer joined the dialogue as a chemical, herbal and medieval-literature specialist.)

ALLEN: A funny thing happened to me with *Paydirt*. Within the film community I was embraced for making *Property*, my first film—and now a lot of filmmakers are saying that I have made an exploitation movie.

HIGH TIMES: Because there's sex in it, and drugs?

ALLEN: Yeah, and guns.

HIGH TIMES: Sounds like real life to me.

ALLEN: You see, I come from a strong literary background. And I find that *Paydirt* sort of appeals to the highly literate and to the illiterate—and to no one in between.

HIGH TIMES: A bunch of pointy-head intellectuals and a lot of blue-collar dope smokers?

ALLEN: Yeah. To me it's a very political film, though.

HIGH TIMES: What was the real-life basis for the movie?

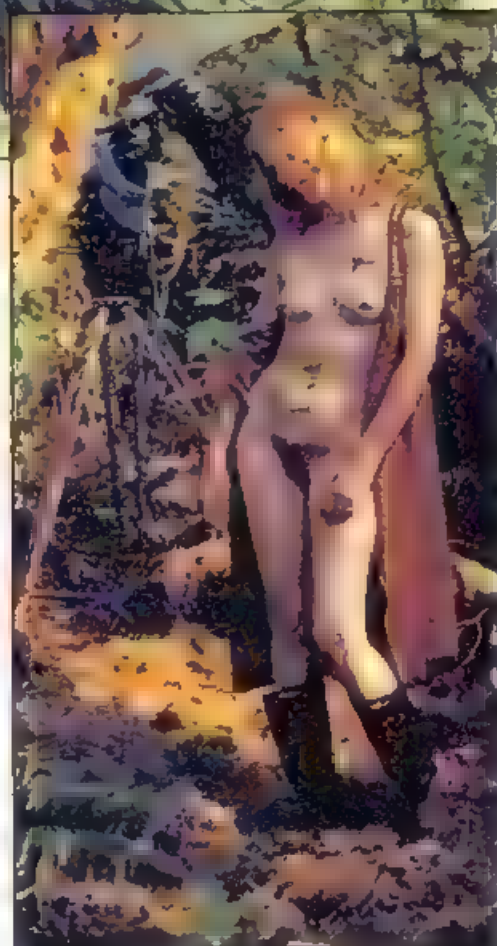
ALLEN: Somebody told me a story that happened in Humboldt County about three or four years ago in which a group of people were raising marijuana as a cash crop and got held up at six A.M. You know, knock on the door, one person went downstairs to

open up, then everyone was held hostage. They got the kids down on the floor, put their feet on the kids' heads. It was really violent and gross. And they took their crops and went away.

But there's more. They came back the next morning at six o'clock and said: "Today, you have to get your neighbor's dope." So, it's like a socialization of the crime. You're forcing somebody to rip off their neighbor. That's when the story gets interesting for me: I'm interested in the nature of community. And so they did go over and



"EVERY TIME A PLANE WOULD FLY OVER WE HAD TO INSTANTLY DISMANTLE THE SET AND COVER IT WITH BLANKETS."



Clockwise, from top: Writer-director Penny Allen picks no bud before its time; Lola Desmond as Nancy prepares for a bit of splendor in the grass; gun-toting thugs scream, "Your sinsemilla or your life"

HIGH TIMES

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get their neighbor's dope—and their kids actually *did* get on the CB and call one of their neighbors. And a group of people actually *did* head off these escaping thugs at the pass. And shot them. And they were never heard of again. Their truck was buried, and so were they. Have you heard this exact story?

HIGH TIMES: I've heard about three stories like it

ALLEN: I tend to believe the person who told me. I thought about that story for a couple of years. I began to think it would be really interesting to have the people growing dope because they couldn't make a living with their wine—because then I could contrast the legal intoxicant with the illegal intoxicant. And as soon as that idea occurred to me, I could hardly control the development, it went so fast. I began to think symbolically. The two crops have to be separated—so I split them up with the train trestle. And then you get to introduce the railroad—which always stands for progress and the push of American capitalism. So, of course, the people ripping them off have to be either Mafia or shadowy tobacco interests.

HIGH TIMES: Why didn't you have the movie end the way it did in real life: with the robbers getting killed?

ALLEN: I thought that was a story for Sam Peckinpah. It stops at the moment of violence. I am not interested in that. The movie is really about Nancy having her moment in history.

HIGH TIMES: So what happens afterwards? Is the community solid enough now to take the outside pressures?

ALLEN: They all got smarter. They reflected. And so, they stop growing dope. Or they get more organized and have vigilantes on the road next year. Or the first wine harvest has come in, and maybe they don't need to grow the dope anymore.

HIGH TIMES: I was fascinated by the problems—not just the technical problems but the political problems—of shooting marijuana harvests. How were you able to do something like that?

ALLEN: It's not a big deal at all. We went to look at the marijuana field—and I don't know where it was, we had to wear bags over our heads to get in there.

HIGH TIMES: The whole crew and all of the actors had bags over their heads?

ALLEN: There were only two actors. And a crew of five, seven people were allowed in there. Anyway, we had to worry about planes, because while shooting you have reflectors, and that's just like a huge signal, a finger pointing. And so we had to cover them. Every time a plane would fly over, we had to instantly dismantle the set and cover it with blankets.

HIGH TIMES: Did you have lookouts?

ALLEN: No. You could hear whoever was in the area. We had to be quiet so as not to attract attention. We were actually worried about getting shot, because there were a lot of hunters around. You could hear shots—their guns fire on our soundtrack, even.

"SHOOTING IN THAT PATCH WAS REALLY WONDERFUL, A VERY SENSUAL EXPERIENCE."

HIGH TIMES: It looks like you got there about two weeks before harvest

ALLEN: I think maybe three weeks. Shooting in that patch was really wonderful... It's a very sensual experience. Because it smells, and it's also very hot. It gets hot, you know, like in the late summer on a hillside, very hot and steamy. It's really quite fun.

HIGH TIMES: Some of those plants in the movie were just oozing out resin. They're actually glistening. Those female plants are just saying "Fuck me fuck me, please." In fact, the photography throughout the film is beautiful.

ALLEN: That's Eric Edwards's work. He's a genius, I think.

HIGH TIMES: What about the characters in the film? How were they conceived?

ALLEN: I wanted to make a film about staunch, taciturn, nonintellectual people. The main character, Nancy, was basically an earth person, a farmer. She loves to grow things. She treats the pot and the grapes similarly, she has an almost erotic relationship with both those crops. She feels them erotically—and possessively.

HIGH TIMES: There's a very positive attitude that comes out in her reactions to the pot.

ALLEN: Yeah, they're nice plants, and more fun than most. The two men, on the other hand, are much more involved with the grape crop, and particularly with the harvest.

HIGH TIMES: But the dope crop is basically what's paying for it all.

ALLEN: Right. And it might have been interesting to show the harvesting and preparing of the dope crop in the same detail we used for the wine—but, in the film the marijuana is stolen. So that part doesn't happen. I am also interested in the slight differences in the rituals around the two different crops. There is much more focus on the rituals that surround the wine, the toasting and drinking, because these people are actually relatively austere. They are farmers: hardworking, and all of that. The marijuana use is limited to this one joint that gets started at the harvest dinner, and somebody says, "Oh, don't do that!" So there is disension between the people who accept the wine and those who actually grow dope.

HIGH TIMES: What is the attitude of the authorities in Oregon toward dope crops?

ALLEN: It varies from county to county, and it changes from year to year. In some counties, it's a huge cash crop. Maybe it's the economic substance of the community, the sheriff's office is supposed to enforce the laws. But some law-enforcement officials in those areas feel ambivalent about having to enforce the laws because, after all, it's the economic base of the community.

I know that in some of the really remote places down in southern Oregon and Northern California, the authorities are not really the biggest problem—the ripoffs are. I know people in New York City think the authorities would be the problem. It's not true. The authorities are not concerned, they never go up there. They don't want to know what's going on up there.

In Marin County, the sheriff actually made a public proclamation that if anybody gets ripped off, he wants to know about it. He won't bust them for marijuana as long as they report it.

HIGH TIMES: Because he's worried about organized crime getting a foothold?

ALLEN: Right. But there are plenty of other authorities that object to the growers. In Humboldt County, I think, they are spending money on air surveillance. But the authorities do not play a very large part in the lives of the type of people portrayed in the film. It just isn't what's happening. It's much more of a frontier than that.

HIGH TIMES: This film is obviously going to be seen by a wide audience—including people who are going to be shocked at the idea of a promarijuana stance.

ALLEN: It isn't a promarijuana stance.

HIGH TIMES: Well... a neutral stance.

ALLEN: It's a neutral stance, yes. People tell me: "You don't take a moral stance in this movie." And I said: "That's fine."

HIGH TIMES: But to people who are against marijuana, a neutral stance is a "pro" stance. Were you considering that type of reaction? Were you trying to turn some heads around?

ALLEN: No. I just do what I do, you know... and then sort of plop it out there and see what happens. I don't know, I don't know whether you are right: whether there will be that shocked response.

HIGH TIMES: Well, probably the people who are going to be shocked will just ignore the film to begin with. But, were you concerned at all with their reactions?

ALLEN: Who? The Moral Majority? No. It's the people in between who get rabid about it. Liberals are the ones who are not going to like the movie.

HIGH TIMES: Just because it was trendy six years ago to be pro-dope, and now it's trendy to be the opposite?

ALLEN: Right. Well, there is none of that kind of treatment in the movie.

HIGH TIMES: That's true. You don't address yourself to that kind of trendy bullshit at all.

ALLEN: Absolutely not.

HIGH TIMES: But you're going to hear it.

ALLEN: Yeah, I guess I am. □

STEADILY, INEXORABLY and almost completely without fanfare, Steve Miller has become one of America's most durable rockers. In a career that now has spanned parts of four decades, Miller has helped develop the music from the blues and R&B roots of the '50s to the technologically proficient AOR rock of the current day.

The Texas-born Miller grew up in the middle of the richest musical tradition of the country listening to great guitarists like T Bone Walker and Johnny "Guitar" Watson (from whom he borrowed the nickname "Gangster of Love") before moving to Madison, Wisconsin, where he led the most in-demand fraternity band on the local college circuit. Miller continued to work out his blues technique on the Chicago club scene during the '60s before moving to San Francisco, where he was in on the ground floor of the late-'60s music boom generated by that city.

While in San Francisco, Miller backed Chuck Berry on a blues album before recording his own LPs with a group featuring Boz Scaggs as co-writer, singer and guitarist. One of the hottest outfits of its time, this group released the classic *Children of the Future* and *Sailor* LPs before Scaggs left and Miller teamed up with keyboardist Ben Sidran for the excellent *Brave New World* LP, which included a duet with an uncredited Paul McCartney on "My Dark Hour."

Miller continued to release beautiful records in a softer mode through the early '70s until he clicked almost offhandedly in 1973 with a huge single, "The Joker," which was to make him one of the '70s biggest rock artists. He became more and more popular as subsequent LPs produced more blockbuster singles like the title track of *Fly Like an Eagle* and "Jet Airliner" from *Book of Dreams*. After that hit Miller took a three-year hiatus which has just now been brok-

STEVE MILLER THE GANGSTER OF LOVE RETURNS

en with *Circle of Love* (Capitol ST-12121), a dramatic return to his most experimental form that is highlighted by the side-long space-music track "Macho City," which combines the themes of his blues background with the free-form trance-music orientation of his classic late-'60s work. Miller recently sat down with us to outline his plans for the future and reminisce about the San Francisco scene.

He began by explaining his return to the long-track concept with "Macho City." "I didn't feel like making little three-minute tunes," he said. "I've recorded about fifty pieces of music, and I got so messed up by working on so many songs, too many incomplete ideas. I'd go back and I'd listen to things, and 'Macho City' just kept popping up and it sounded damn good to me."

"I've been working for three years on this music," Miller went on. "I've got a great plan for myself. Let me run this by you. I'm putting three albums

together and I'm going to have them all done before I start my tour. So when I go out on tour the pressure is off. I'm going to go out and enjoy where I am. I'm going to play every place and I'm going to have my recording done. Now, this doesn't mean I can't add something new if I come up with some new things once I start playing with the band or something, but then at least I've got this basic structure all happening. You do one album, you go tour your butt off for a year, and then they say, 'Hey, that's great. You just did a hundred and twelve cities. Now go right into the studio and do something else.' I can't do that. I work real well when things calm down, clear out. I can think for a while. My vision gets a lot wider. When I'm on the road it takes so much energy to do those shows and you live such an artificial existence that, you know, after a while all I'm doing is writing tunes about Hertz cars."

Miller explained that he had

gotten into that situation once already and was determined to prevent it from happening again. "The material gets thin," he pointed out, "and that's what's always happened to me. After *The Joker* I couldn't put another album out for two and a half years. Then I put out *Fly Like an Eagle* and *Book of Dreams*, which were two albums that I worked on at the same time. Now this time it's been a little longer and I'm working on three albums, which allows everything to be more sustained. It allows for a better advertising campaign. They know they've got two more records instead of like when *The Joker* was there and we had just been number one all over the place. They wanted one more and I was saying 'I don't have one more. I've just done two hundred cities. I don't have any more.' I felt like I was a prisoner of my own success at the end in those football stadiums. It was thirty-six guys running lasers, just setting off smoke bombs in football stadiums. I enjoyed doing those from the sort of Steve-does-Walt-Disney-one-better kind of thing. But musically it became a very programmed sort of performance. Everything had to be the same. If I didn't perform the same way bar by bar, I had thirty-six people going. What's he doing? What's going on? We're on page seventeen and that's where the lights are supposed to be blue."

Miller remembered his duet with McCartney fondly. "I did all my recording and mixing in England," Miller explained. "I went to see the Beatles do a session because my producer Glyn Johns was recording the Beatles. He introduced me to George Harrison, and I went over to George's house, and George was really a neat guy, he was really nice. He invited me to come down to some sessions, so I went down to watch the Beatles record. I watched them overdub and do some stuff, and then they were going to do an actual session so I asked if I could go to that. We



went down there, and Ringo didn't show up. They waited around a couple, two or three hours and Ringo just never made it. He was doing something else I guess. So John left and that left George and Paul. George and I went out and jammed around a little bit, and Paul came out and played drums. Then George left and I said to Paul, 'I got a little tune that we could do real quick.' Glyn was on the controls so he rolled the tape, and I played this rhythm pattern that I had and Paul came out and played bass on it, then he played a little pedal steel and some background. Just multitracked it up. We worked on the tune for six or seven hours. It was a real thrill for me.

Miller was a significant contributor to the San Francisco music scene during its heyday. As an outsider who came into that scene as it was starting, he has an interesting perspective on it now. "My impressions are getting pretty clear about what I think happened there," he said. "Basically, San Francisco was a social phenomenon. Jerry Garcia was much better at talking to people than he was at playing guitar when I got there. The Jefferson Airplane was much better at throwing a party for fifteen hundred people and making sure that there were baskets of apples at the door and lots of pretty posters and light shows. Mixed-media events.

"I was probably the first band into the San Francisco scene that was a professional musical unit that had come from a highly competitive music scene, which had been Chicago. Butterfield was out there before me and played for a while and then left. I went out there and stayed. And it was a gathering of poster makers, of business people. Guys like Bill Graham and Chet Helms showed up, and they figured out how to run places like the Family Dog six days a week. They figured out how to do it through the use of posters. Then the light people all showed up. Film people were there. P.R. people showed up



"There were a few times when I was ripped to the tits, too, wondering how I was ever going to get off stage."



The Charlatans were basically a band of P.R. guys. And photographers. It was like art students decided to learn to play the electric guitar and communicate, very much like what's going on in England all the time. If you want to become an instant celebrity, the easiest way to do it is to grab a guitar and do something outrageous in London right now

Or to call yourself a band but actually be a bunch of art students, architectural students, P.R. people, politicians, whatever you want to be, but you use the rock 'n' roll format."

So from Miller's perspective, when he got to San Francisco there wasn't a fully developed musical concept yet. "It was basically style and noise and rap and lights and LSD. They were trying to get this thing off the ground but nobody really played very well. The bands didn't have any concept as to how to structure a set. They were trying to play 'In the Midnight Hour' and keep their instruments in tune but they really didn't know how to. At first, with the Jefferson Airplane, out of the whole band there was only one musician—Jack Cassidy, who was a good bass player from a rhythm-and-blues scene in Washington, D.C. At that point Jorma Kaukonen was called lead guitar player, but he really wasn't. They were into scene. They spent as much time on how they looked as how they played.

"Me, as a musician, I couldn't put all that together. I couldn't have done what I did if they hadn't done what they

did. Because I was playing good music all my life, and the only place it got me was I was in a competitive nightclub scene in Chicago trying to get Muddy Waters's gig. I was competing with him for whatever club it was, and it was just how many people came in and how many drinks they bought and how many people you could draw in a very commercial, hard-nosed nightclub business kind of thing as to whether you played or not. You had to be good or you would lose your gig just like that in Chicago. There were only so many. And out there it was a whole different thing, of course. It was much more attractive because it was a new lifestyle, and these people really developed it. I was just developing along their same lines. I went out there and within four days I was one of the San Francisco bands. Played one gig and said, 'Hi, we're moving here, we're gonna stay here and be part of the scene.' And then we played and knocked everybody's socks off because they hadn't really heard any good rock 'n' roll."

Miller looks back on the drug scene that was such an

integral part of the San Francisco experience with mixed feelings. "Sure, all those guys were ripped to the tits, as we say. There were a few times when I was ripped to the tits, too, wondering how I was ever going to get off stage. But I had been playing for so long that it was something that I really didn't get into that much. I was into playing.

"I was astounded by what I saw going on around me," he added. "When I saw Albert Grossman letting Janis Joplin play concerts because she was off of heroin and only drinking a fifth of booze a day, I thought he should have been arrested. I thought that son of a bitch should have been wrapped up and put in jail for ten years. I couldn't believe it. People real-

ly just don't understand what happens, but people just don't have common sense. My father's a doctor. I grew up in an upper-middle-class environment where I understood what health was. I knew better than to get involved in uppers and downers. I knew better than to get into any kind of situation where I had to depend on drugs. It would be very easy to take a diet pill before you do a concert because it gives you all this confidence and it makes you feel good. There was a period where every time I had to go play I would just get so sleepy about ten minutes before I had to go out there I just wanted to go to sleep. You go out and start, and then it goes away.

"It's a psychological weirdo

game you play with yourself but I watched people who really believed it. They bought the whole stardom thing. I mean, they were wearing their capes at ten o'clock in the morning. They lived it all the way through. I was living it all the way through too, but I knew I had to get some sleep, get some vegetables in me. But it was rough. I went through some bad periods. I got into a thing where I worked way too long and overextended myself, went too far, but I always stopped short of getting myself strung out on something. I saw a lot of people kill themselves.

"There were a lot of people, and they know who they are in this business, who really made money off of kids who were ripped on drugs and they

just sold them for ten percent and these kids didn't know any better. You look at Jimi Hendrix's life—what a waste. To be managed the way he was. To do those kind of gigs the way they were done. I saw Jimi about three months before he died. I did a gig with him in Philadelphia. Everybody involved in that should have been locked up. It was crazy. They shot him up before he went onstage. He didn't even know where he was. The band fell apart, just totally crumbled. The audience didn't even know the difference, then they sort of snapped out of this overcharge of drugs and played for a few hours and just shot them up with some more junk and put them away."



NOTES



ARTHUR LEE (Rhino)

In the late '60s Lee led the legendary L.A. band Love from the grit punk of *Da Capo* to the melodious R&B-jazz-rock synthesis *Forever Changes*. Lee and Love seemed a case of too much too soon when they faded from attention amid a thick smokescreen of post-psychedelic floundering. Lee returned in the early '70s with a set of Hendrix-inspired tunes, *Vindicator*, that presented him in good form but outside of his best stylistic moves with Love. *Reel to Reel* revived Love with similar difficulty. Amazingly, *Arthur Lee* picks up where Lee left off over a decade ago. It's a sweet and funky set of moving rockers delivered with the smooth vocal delivery Lee turned at his best, and powered by his fine guitar playing. A slowed-up version of the Love classic "7 & 7 Is" pretty much cues the album's style with its deft, crunching chording. On "Down Street," Lee, who once plied an infamous Jagger imitation with "Revelation," steps out of his rap to cop a little Jagger via "Miss You," a brilliant touch. Elsewhere, Lee revisits the beauty of his early sound with "I Do Wonder," belts out a slick soul treatment for "Once" and turns a few Hendrix tricks on "Happy You." An exceptional comeback from one of rock's most eclectic voices.

TEDDY BOYS DON'T KNIT, Vivian Stanshall (Charisma Import)

The surreal comic genius of Vivian Stanshall made his flagship group, the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band, one of the most loved underground bands of the '60s. Since the Dogs disbanded, Stanshall has occupied his time with a variety of radio projects and the film-script and book *Rawlinson End*. *Teddy Boys* is the first post-Bonzo project that employs Stanshall's amazing range of musical influences and devastating parody. Viv's Shakespearean puns skewer such targets on the current scene as Britain's new romantics

("Nouveau Riffe"), heavy metal ("Flung a Dummy"), Britain's sudden love of salsa ("Calypso to Colapso") and the proliferation of weird groups ("King Kripple"). The musical level of the LP is up to the highest Dog Band standards, and ex-Bonzos Neil Innes and Roger Ruskin-Spear join such session stalwarts as guitarists Ollie Halsall and Richard Thompson. Altogether a beautiful record.

EAST OF THE RIVER NILE, Augustus Pablo (Message)

Dub master Pablo's latest release is unquestionably one of his best records, a drifting, hypnotic set of beautiful instrumentals. Pablo's knack for simple, ethereal melodies phrased here on his trademark melodica as well as piano, clavichord, organ and string ensemble offers a quiet unity to the record and provides a tremendous meditation soundtrack. The awesome collection of instrumentalists includes Robbie Shakespeare and Aston "Family Man" Barrett on bass, Carlton Barrett on drums and Earl "Chuna" Smith on lead guitar. Pablo is so subtle and sweet and his musical partners develop such a sympathetic groove behind his ideas that on tracks like "nature dub" and "addis-a-baba," the effect is accessible enough to appeal to fans of European light instrumental music as well as stone reggae lovers.

THE TIM HARDIN MEMORIAL ALBUM (Polydor)

Hardin, the great songwriter-vocalist who did so much to infuse blues into the New York folk scene of the '60s, died in obscurity shortly after John Lennon's death in 1980. At the time, none of his records were in print, and this collection culls material from *Tim Hardin*, *Tim Hardin Volume II* and *Tim Hardin 4*. The record contains Hardin's best-known work: "Misty Roses," "If I Were a Carpenter," "Lady Came from Baltimore" and "Reason to Believe." □

MICK 'N' MILES

continued from page 52

I never did ask Mick if he was psychically armed. When Dylan wanted to know why not, I told him I didn't think I was psychically armed enough to ask. But Dylan was God and I was letting myself be his tool in those days. What I did for Dylan that night in the tower suite too long ago for me to have met Bianca was to say to Mick:

"Well, tomorrow, while I'm still sufferin' here in this cockroach city, still servin' time in this salt mine, you'll be flyin' back home over the ocean aboard a luxurious airliner with powerful jet engines, we hope, and no other defects or bombs or anythin' else that might make the plane go down, 'cause the water's too cold to sustain life for more than a few minutes..."

**"I'VE GAH A WEIRD
SEX LIFE..." MICK
KEPT TELLING
BIANCA. YOU'D
REALLY HAVE TO BE
A NERD NOT TO
KNOW MICK HAD A
WEIRD SEX LIFE.**

"Naw, naw, naw," Mick had calmly interrupted. "We'll 'ave none o' tha'."

I'd found him charming that trip, going out of his way to be friendly while I wasn't. He always knew the right story to tell to get a laugh while I was being drugged, paranoid and catatonic. Mick'd never stop working for his edge over people. I was jealous. When I'd first met the Stones, I'd been the one who always knew the right story to tell.

Well, I've gah a weird sex life!" he kept saying to Bianca. He'd raise his voice talking to her on the phone but he kept grinning. He was playing to me as much as to her, improvising the dialogue in his instant sitcom, "The Mick and Bianca Show," with a cast that supported the telephone company. Half the time the two of them seemed to be at opposite ends of the jet-set Earth, dug into some exclusive glamour hole, each hanging out with different cliques of famous names and pretty faces. I was curious about Bianca. I'd read about her, about her and Mick. I'd heard gossip about them from friends passing through. Of all the bitches Mick'd been with, why

Richard Corkey



Bianca? Wasn't she just another groupie? Mick was a star stud. He didn't have time for all the chicks who wanted to cop his joint. Not for all the chicks and not for all the boys, either.

"I've gah a weird sex life," he kept telling Bianca. You'd really have to be a nerd not to know Mick had a weird sex life. He advertised it every way he could. The way he advertised it onstage was what made him so famous. My own sex life was as weird as I could handle, but I wished it could be as weird as Mick's. Everybody had a weird sex life, or as weird as he dared. Mick dared more than others. What I hadn't seen for myself about Mick's sex life, I could guess. Anyway, Brian had told me a lot. Brian Jones, who'd invented the Rolling Stones. Brian had told me he'd made it with Mick. Out of friendship, he'd explained. The past. It kept swimming in dope. When could I have met Bianca without possibly noticing her? I'd heard so much about this chick, a Nicaraguan fireball with a short Latin fuse, dark and foxy, slim and sexy, acclaimed by the hip as maybe the baddest thread witch in the world. She must have stunk like a bakery the way Mick's nose was attracted by bread. The story was she'd been discovered on a diplomatic passport by Peter Sellers, that great dirty old man of the movies. She'd met Mick on the mattress where the jet set trysts. When she'd homed in on him like a heat-seeking device, Mick had liked the explosion. When she'd got knocked up, Mick had married her. The wedding'd been the French Riviera's biggest circus that summer. When the wedding was over, the circus never stopped. Their act took up all three rings, a marriage as transparent as the new see-through fashions that year, as open as the tattle-oid centerfolds that kept being cluttered with pictures and trivia about their flings, romances and separate nights out. I could see them gaily lying their way through interviews, trying to manipulate the media and each other with spicy deceptions that gave only a taste of how hot the unseasoned truth really was. Since TV, everything'd turned into a performance. Mick and Bianca seemed to be playing out their marriage in public as if that was the only reason for it, to dazzle their jetty pals with their melodrama like a couple of actors who'd found each other as the perfect partners to impress a workshop with a scene.

"I gah a weird sex life!"

He was still grinning. She'd spent almost a half hour's worth of nickels lecturing him from someplace between the St. Regis and Timbuktu, but Mick wasn't going to let me know if she'd stung him. I figured it was love that kept them together. Companionship. A man's first mistake was to figure everybody needed somebody to talk to.

continued on next page

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MICK 'N' MILES

continued from preceding page

"D'ya wan' t' do some more o' tha?" he said.

I reached into my pocket

"She's th' one oo's gah th' weird sex life!" he said once more, chuckling.

I waited for some juicy details. C'mon and tell us, Mick. But the phone in the sitting room rang. Mick picked it up. Then the phone in the bedroom rang. I was crushing the stash on the back of a glass ashtray with my Swiss Army knife. Already talking to someone, Mick motioned for me to get the bedroom phone.

"Is Mick there?"

"Whooziss?"

"Paul Morrissey."

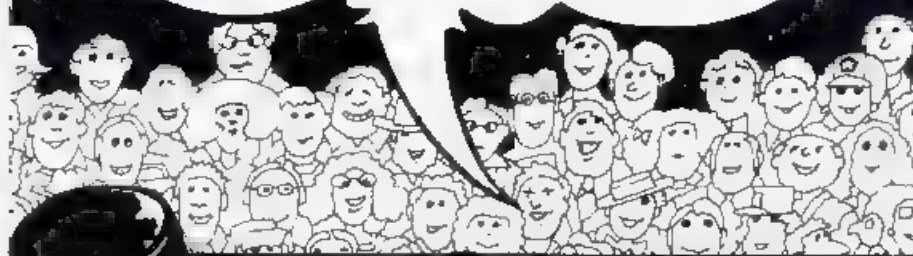
I knew Paul, Andy Warhol's long-time counter-culture camera-cranker and another of Mick's New York buddies. Mick was tight with Andy's crowd. Andy was the artist who designed the Stones' album with the zippered crotch on the cover. Andy was a famous queen. I rapped with Paul awhile until Mick got off the other phone. Good. Now I could call Miles in the sitting room while Mick talked to Paul in the bedroom. Except the sitting-room phone rang before I could get to it. Damn! I'd arrived at Mick's suite in the PM but now it was almost dusk and getting duskier. I had to call Miles. When I picked up the sitting room phone, a chick was on the other end. I couldn't catch her name.

"I like the 'ouse," Mick was saying to Paul. God knew what they were talking about. Mick didn't tell me everything. I sat in the matronly embrace of the couch and looked through a book about the Druids that Mick had scored that day. He was always buying stacks of books to gobble down whole in one gulp the way the wolf ate grandma in "Little Red Riding Hood." The only time Mick sat still was when he was alone reading, aside from the time he'd be sitting still writing lyrics. The phones kept Mick busy and me waiting for maybe another 40 minutes. Because I kept answering the phone he wasn't on, I wound up in the bedroom with the Druids when the phones suddenly stopped ringing. It was like an air raid had just ended. Mick, at the phone he'd just hung up in the sitting room, looked at the phone in the bedroom as if waiting for it to summon him. Like it wasn't safe to move until the drone of the raiding planes had faded. Then he got up, walked over to the couch and sat down in front of the coffee table, where the stash was lined up, waiting.

"We were goin' t' 'ave s'more, weren we?" he said.

I'd taken Mick and me years to start to get to know each other. I'd never been too swift. Me, I was the kind of simp who needed eons to figure things out. We'd met back in 1964, the night of the Stones' very first Carnegie Hall concert, when they'd hit shore nding the trough behind the Beatle-

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mania wave. Like when Avis was number two, the Stones had to try harder. They'd got themselves barred from some English pop TV show because of their nastiness and had kept running through London, drumming up all kinds of headlines to prove their sympathy with the devil. They tried to make the Beatles look like cherubs with pink asses and powdered faces. The Beatles were no angels. The Stones came on punk not only because it was fun to act arrogant but also because they needed to get noticed. When I opened the auditorium door of Carnegie Hall that night, it was like somebody splashed a bucket of sound in my face. The Stones had already started playing when I walked in. The sound was so thick I had to push a path through it just to get down the aisle. I'd already been hanging out with the Beatles, nailing them when they first stepped off the plane at Idlewild so I could write a cover story for the *Saturday Evening Post*.

But the Stones were something else. Not better, but different. Any group that dug Marvin Gaye's "Can I Get a Witness" enough to put it on their album two times had to be cool. The Marvin Gaye record was a pet of mine and Dylan's too. He'd stayed up until dawn listening to it over and over again while he wrote "Mr. Tambourine Man" one night. Bob couldn't believe this English rock hype, this Beatlemania bullshit. I kept telling him about the Beatles but he'd just put me down. He thought he was the only thing happening. Then he'd gone to England and had come back raving about this new group he'd caught at a concert in Hyde Park or someplace in London, raving about how free they were. That's the word he kept using, *free*. They were free, loose, uninhibited, fresh. That was my word for the Stones. Fresh. Onstage at Carnegie Hall, I'd noticed how Brian Jones, with his orange-gold hair, kept stepping up to the footlights to tease the teenyboppers into defying the cops stationed there, tempting them to jump the stage and grab him. After the show, I'd walked across Seventh Avenue to the Park Sheraton with my wife and Gloria Stavers, a skyscraper-tall beauty-queen type with a Southern accent that'd grown hip on New York's jazz circuit. Gloria amused herself by being the first to score each new young sexy rock star for an interview in her role as editor of *16*, the magazine that was cashing in on the pubescent void by merchandising pinups of these cutie-boys to diaper-rashes learning desire. The Stones were throwing a party at the Park Sheraton, where they'd checked into adjoining rooms. They couldn't afford suites yet. The first thing we saw when we walked in was Mick sitting on a bed surrounded by a flock of elegantly styled chicks fluttering as if they all wanted to rub his body. That's what one of them was doing. Okay. Mick had discovered room service. Like the ballcarrier, the lead singer always got to be the star. Immediately, Gloria and my wife tried to

**I ASKED MILES WHAT
HE THOUGHT OF THE
BEAT GENERATION.
"JUST MORE
SYNTHETIC WHITE
SHIT!" HE GROWLED,
TAKING A PISS.**

get into Mick's action. I couldn't hack it. What beckoned me was Brian Jones's Day-glo-like hair. He was standing in Carnaby Street's last word, up to his neck in mod, a drink in his hand, hopping with energy as he talked to Bill Wyman, the Stones' bass section. Brian was like a Fourth of July sparkler, spraying excitement. When we plugged into each other, it was as if we had a million things to rap about. We ducked into the adjoining room.

"It's not simple to get those colored blues records 'n England," Brian was saying. "I 'ad t' go searchin' everywhere. But that's all the group does: colored blues. We just give our own feelin' to it..."

Suddenly my wife was next to me again. "Boy, is he conceited!" she said about Mick.

"What'samatter?"

"I went up and told him I liked the show, and he said, 'Should I be flattered?'"

That soured me on Mick. He judged books by their covers. I liked my wife. The Stones were babies in those days. They didn't even smoke pot. Eight years later at the St. Regis, I watched as Mick hunched over the coffee table with the rolled-up twenty. I always let Mick take the hon's share. I figured he needed it.

"Jus' b'cause we gah married, whah'd she think tha' w's goin' t' change?" he said. "In eyether one of us?"

He kept making remarks about Bianca as if I was supposed to understand. I didn't understand why they'd gotten married in the first place, except there wasn't a man alive who didn't have a number some chick was going to get. Did Mick marry her because of the baby? Brian had left bastards all over the place. Didn't Mick already have one or two? Mick would've liked Bianca to stay home in England with their daughter, Jade, but why should she? He'd keep fantasizing about having a permanent crib somewhere, just a little cottage on a few hundred acres, but he knew he couldn't even sit still

continued on next page

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MICK 'N' MILES

continued from preceding page

in one chair for more than a few minutes. Bianca wasn't going to stay nailed down either.

"I really gotta go soon. I told Miles I'd come up and see him tonight. I gotta call him."

With a silent laugh on his face, Mick sprang from the couch and walked into the bedroom. He moved like Bugs Bunny, with a little bit of antelope.

"Oy hah his owlb oy hanh yathear!" Mick called out.

What? I couldn't decipher what he was saying. When I walked into the bedroom, he was putting a dub on the turntable. All these rock stars made sure somebody scammed together a hi-fi for their suites when they checked in. Mick smiled with a grim uncertainty, like he expected to be judged about something. By me? The needle hit and the scratch hissed from the speakers. It was a Stones cut I'd never heard. But it was Stone-Age Stones. Prehistoric.

"These are aaall ou' takes, cu's we never released," Mick said. "Because they weren't very goo'. They didn't make ih. Now they aaall soun' sorribly dabyted."

I listened while Mick danced, mugged, smiled and jabbed a finger in the air, *bomp-bomp, bomp-bomp!* He mouthed the words, then sang on top of the record.

"Yes, I'd much rather be with the boys than with girls like you..."

Like he told Bianca, Mick had a weird sex life. Is that what this song was all about? A piece of bubble gum with a double twist? I chewed on it but there wasn't much taste. Probably the Stones'd recorded it when they were trying to gross everybody out and shock their way to the top.

"Andrew 'ad a 'and in writin' ih. Andrew'n Keith. Thaymed t'wards th' chaaarts. Blayne 't on Andrew."

Andrew had been the boy-wonder hype genius who'd masterminded the campaign that tried to make it seem the Beatles were just running interference for the Stones. Like me, Andrew had started out a journalist, but he'd become the Stones' manager and producer after a coup against Brian in the '60s.

"T's nah too ba, achthchilly I mean ih's nah grea', or we'd'a released ih, buh ih cooks. Coul' do w'th improvemen' 'n th' stohry. Ihd'll never win enny lyricists' awaahds buh ih's cute. N outrayjous tune fr ih's tiyme."

If Mick wanted me to agree with him, I didn't know whether to say I loved it or I hated it. I would've left it in the can for the fly speck analyzers, but it had all the Stones' malicious jubilation.

"Klein wan's t' pu' these cu's ou' on 'n album. On 'is own laybel, Abkco. 'E 'asn'

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even paid us enny 'f th' royalties 'e owes us on our other recohrds fr two years."

Mick knew I sometimes hung out with Klein, the Stones' most recent ex-manager. Klein'd stopped managing the Stones after he'd started managing the Beatles. He'd told me that Mick had quit him because Mick was jealous. But Mick had told me he fired Klein because he couldn't pry his own money out of him. The disagreement had been turned over to blind lady justice and an army of legal fees. Klein had gotten famous in the pirate waters where the music business fished for treasure. I never could understand his deal with the Stones. He must've bought them early to get them so cheap, with only his accountant's ear. Was everybody else deaf? He'd memorized the words to every song ever written, but he wouldn't try a melody. How did he ever get the rights to release the Stones' outtakes on his own label?

"Can he do it?"

"E's down' ih. Tha's wha' th' cayse's aall about' 'n all them lauhyers. Tha' 'n' a loh 'f other things. Tha's why I'm ihn Neew Yohhhr' One reas'n, ennyway."

Mick let the dub play on. His nose made a PU sign at one of the cuts. It stunk. I kept losing track of the music. The dope was doing its dastardly deed. Except something was bothering me.

"I gotta call Miles."

I said it as if I had to take a piss.

"Okigh."

Mick started to poke through a dresser drawer.

"I gah some goo' poh ere tha' somebody laid on me... F'ya feel li' smokin'... F I c'n find ih."

I was a sucker for pot.

"Yeah!" I said.

He couldn't find the reefer in the drawer. Lord knows, we didn't need it. He started rummaging through a suitcase. I was wondering if I should just give up and go see Miles myself. This whole idea of bringing Mick with me'd been born in some lowly manger in my head. I mean if it'd been divinely conceived, I didn't start out thinking so. Like I say, I was a little dim, like the lighting, a sanctimonious nerd but a willing turkey. I guess I just wanted to show off. I wanted to dazzle Mick with my power. The idea's nobility grew. Mick'd been such good company the night before that I wanted to reward him. I wanted to give him Miles as a gift. It'd expand Mick's psyche. It'd expand Miles's, too. My own psyche started exploding with the possibilities. A psychic ammunition dump blew up in my head. It would be a famous night.

Once the idea had been born, it was like nuclear fission, there was no stopping it. Either that or Jack's beanstalk. The idea had a taste to it, a taste so delicious that I ate my way into it. Pretty soon the idea was tasting me. It'd swallowed me whole. Suddenly I was consumed by the idea that I had to go down in history as the one who introduced Mick Jagger to Miles Davis. □



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